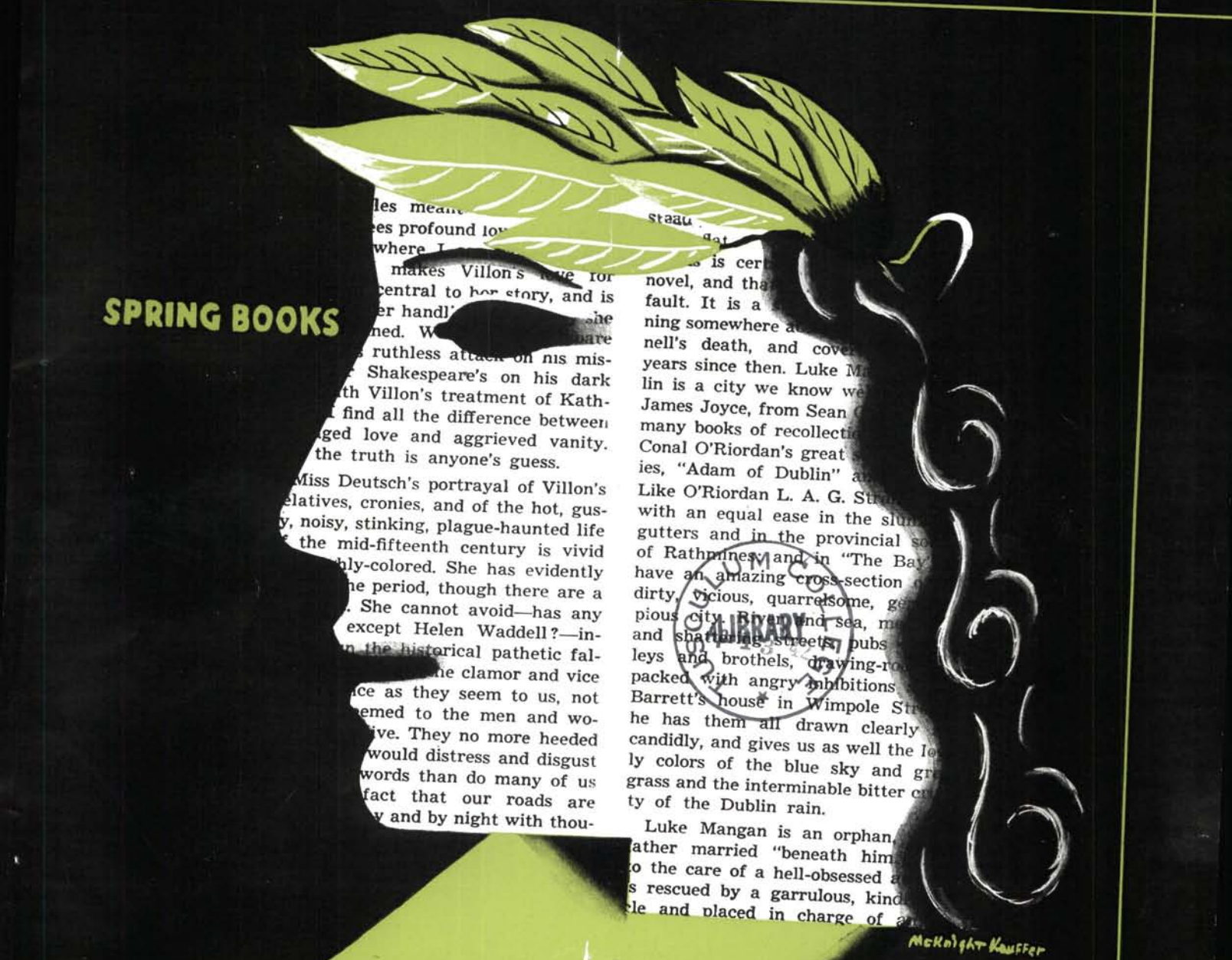
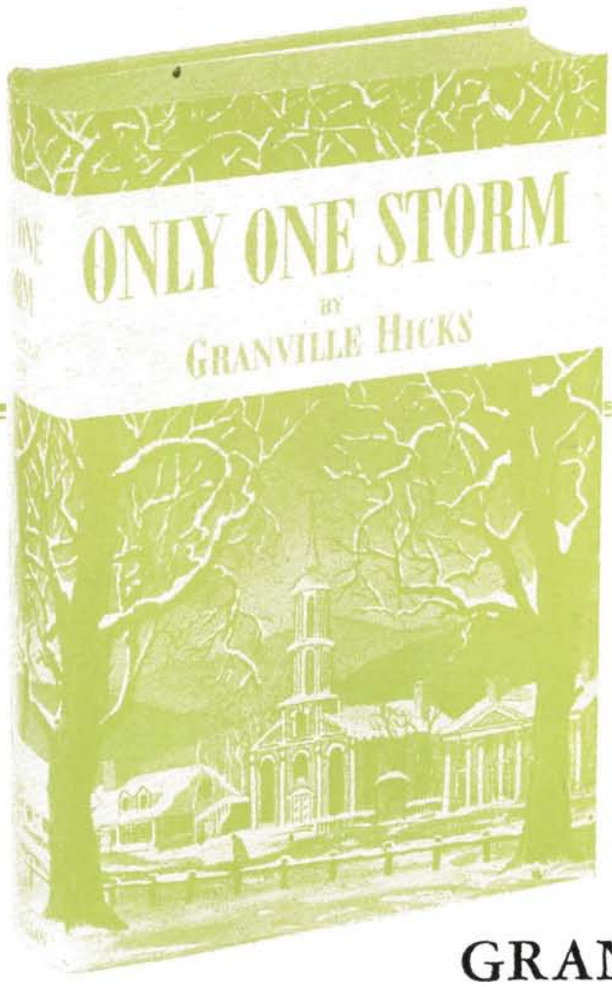
THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF LITERATURE

VOL. XXV NO. 15 NEW YORK SATURDAY APRIL 11 1942 FIFTEEN CENTS


SPRING BOOKS
makes Villon's
central to her story, and is
ruthless attack on his mis-
Shakespeare's on his dark
th Villon's treatment of Kath-
find all the difference between
ged love and aggrieved vanity.
the truth is anyone's guess.
Miss Deutsch's portrayal of Villon's
elatives, cronies, and of the hot, gus-
y, noisy, stinking, plague-haunted life
the mid-fifteenth century is vivid
hly-colored. She has evidently
e period, though there are a
. She cannot avoid—has any
except Helen Waddell?—in-
the historical pathetic fal-
e clamor and vice
ce as they seem to us, not
emed to the men and wo-
ive. They no more heeded
would distress and disgust
words than do many of us
fact that our roads are
y and by night with thou-
is cer
novel, and tha
fault. It is a
ning somewhere a
nell's death, and cove
years since then. Luke M
lin is a city we know we
James Joyce, from Sean
many books of recollecti
Conal O'Riordan's great
ies, "Adam of Dublin" a
Like O'Riordan L. A. G. Str
with an equal ease in the slu
gutters and in the provincial so
of Rathmines, and in "The Bay
have an amazing cross-section
dirty, vicious, quarrelsome, ge
pious city. River and sea, m
and shadowing streets, pubs
leys and brothels, drawing-ro
packed with angry inhibitions
Barrett's house in Wimpole Str
he has them all drawn clearly
candidly, and gives us as well the lo
ly colors of the blue sky and gr
grass and the interminable bitter c
ty of the Dublin rain.
Luke Mangan is an orphan,
ather married "beneath him
o the care of a hell-obsessed a
s rescued by a garrulous, kind
le and placed in charge of a
McKnight Kauffer

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"The Novel of the Hour!"

—CHICAGO NEWS

"Crowded with people who are as real as earth and rain . . . told in fine clean prose of a gifted writer and superlative craftsman."

—NEW YORK TIMES

GRANVILLE HICKS'

great novel of America in transition under the stress of world crisis has been received with a stupendous burst of critical acclaim:

"It is a Bill of Rights in itself. I suggest that this is the important American novel of the year."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"Absorbing, exciting and intellectually satisfying." —*Boston Post*

"Stamped with the mark of greatness." —*Lewiston (Me.) Sun*

"A great message to America."
—*Lexington (Ky.) Herald Leader*

"It gives the all-time answer to 'What can I do to help?' "
—*Detroit Free Press*

"I doubt that anyone else has written a book comparable even to the last chapter alone of *Only One Storm.*"
—*Los Angeles Journal*

"As American as the town meeting. Read it for an enheartening experience." —*Philadelphia Inquirer*

ONLY ONE STORM

at bookstores everywhere, $2.75

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • 60 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

It Ends with Zyzzogeton

J. BRYAN, III

HAILE SELASSIE thinks it is such a good book that he bought six copies. Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court endorsed it. The Siamese Navy often consulted it. The English biologist Julian Huxley called it "undoubtedly the most wonderful single volume in existence." Sacred writings aside, it probably deserves his tribute.

The author of this book was a Connecticut Yankee who died 99 years ago. With the single exception of Benjamin Franklin, he was the most versatile of his contemporaries. He was a lawyer, a gardener, a scientist. He advocated unemployment insurance, city planning, forest conservation, and the gradual abolition of slavery. He wrote pamphlets on subjects ranging from the rights of neutral nations to the decomposition of white lead. He also wrote books; one was a record best-seller, but he is remembered for another which has put the whole English-speaking world in debt to him.

. . . What, you *still* don't recognize him? You needn't be ashamed. The United States' least-known best-known man is Noah Webster, of Webster's Dictionary.

Noah was a vigorous patriot. He was 17 when they signed the Declaration of Independence, and he didn't think it went far enough. Our separation from England, he believed, should be cultural as well as political. We should have our own school books, particularly our own grammars and spellers. English spelling not only was chaotic—you might find the same word spelled three different ways on the same page—but it was ornate. Useless *u*'s cluttered *honour* and *labour* and *colour*. The *k*'s in *critick* and *musick* were decorative parasites. And why should we continue to imitate the English imitation of French in *theatre* and *centre* and *cheque?* Such slavish fal-lallery was unbecoming a free and vigorous nation!

So in 1783 young Noah, five years out of Yale, published his "American Spelling Book" "to facilitate the acquisition of our vernacular tongue and for correcting pronunciation." It was an immediate success. Storekeepers stocked it as a staple, along with rum and molasses, needles and cheese. The demand was so great that Noah rented out sets of the plates for a fee of one half cent a copy. Impressions were struck off from Portland, Maine, to Salem, Oregon. By 1861—18 years after Noah's death—his "blue-backed speller" was selling a million copies a year. By 1890, the total was more than 70,000,000. With the lone exception of the Bible, it is the best seller of all time.

When his royalties levelled off to an annual $5000, Noah was able to announce a more ambitious project: an American dictionary. The best of the current English dictionaries was Dr. Samuel Johnson's. It had gone through several revisions since its appearance in 1755, but it was still inaccurate and incomplete. Moreover, Johnson's definitions were sometimes impenetrably pedantic—*"network:* anything reticulated or decussated at equal intervals, with interstices between the intersections"; and sometimes frankly prejudiced—"oats: a grain, which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." To which—so goes the story—a Scot retorted: "And where may one find better horses than in England or better men than in Scotland?"

Noah felt that there was room for a dictionary which Americans could understand and trust, and which would supplement the work of his speller. He was amazed at the avalanche of abuse which followed his announcement. The Anglophile Boston *Palladium* suggested that this "volume of *foul* and unclean things bear his own Christian name and be called NOAH'S Ark." Another critic dubbed him "Coxcomb-General of the U. S."

NOAH ignored them and set to work. At the end of a year, he estimated that his dictionary would "require the incessant labor" of three to five years. It required 18. Clad always in academic black, he toiled around his huge circular desk, ransacking the grammars and dictionaries of 20 languages. Finally, in 1828, "An American Dictionary of the English Language" was published. It contained 70,000 entries, or 12,000 more than the latest revision of Johnson. Its mistakes were few, and only rarely had Noah wet his pen with bile instead of ink—*"Dandy:* a male of the human species, who dresses himself like a doll, and who carries his character on his back." Moreover, the book was just what its title promised: American from cover to cover, in spelling, pronunciation, and citation.

That is one reason why sales were disappointing. The public considered many of his simplified spellings more eccentric than sensible. Besides, the two volumes were unhandy, and $20 was a high price. Fifty-five hundred sets had been printed. Although many of them were still unsold in 1840, Noah decided to bring out a revised edition at $15. This went badly too. In three years the "schoolmaster to a nation" was dead, leaving his magnum opus "stranded like Robinson Crusoe's boat, a vessel too big for the builder to launch."

The man who so described it helped launch it. He was either George or Charles Merriam; no one remembers which, and it makes no difference. The

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brothers had been partners since 1831, when they set up a small job-printing business in Springfield, Massachusetts, with toothbrushes and wallpaper as sidelines. Now, 12 years later, they offered to lease Noah's copyrights on a royalty basis. His heirs accepted. The Merriams farmed out the speller and the other books, and concentrated on a new revision of the dictionary, with Noah's son-in-law, Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich of Yale, as editor.

It was ready in 1847: one volume, $6. This was what the public had been waiting for. Educators liked it too. New York State ordered a copy for each of its 10,000 district schools. Massachusetts ordered 3,000. The book sold so fast that when, in 1857, G. & C. Merriam bought the copyrights outright, they were glad to pay $250,000.

The first printing of the current edition was in 1934. Although its title is "Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition," it is actually the tenth revision of Noah's original. Its editor in chief was William Allan Neilson, formerly President of Smith College. Special editors numbered 207. There are 12,000 illustrations, 13,500 names in the biographical section, 30,000 localities in the gazetteer, 550,000 entries in the vocabulary. Many consider it is thus the most complete and most sumptuous general dictionary ever published*—a monument that will endure unchanged, you may think.

But don't say so in the presence of Merriam's staff. They deplore the popular belief that whereas a newspaper editor meets deadlines as breathlessly as a sprinter meets the tape, a dictionary editor uses the same time-scale as a geologist. The Webster is a fluid publication. A whole edition, which may total 1,000,000 copies, is not printed in a single Marathon run of the presses, but in printings of 10,000. Between printings there is an interval permitting revision. For example, the department of new words is continually being enlarged. *Panzer* and *blitzkrieg* are already listed. So is *Quisling,* though the term was not born until April, 1940.

Merriam advertises that the Webster has 122,000 more entries than any other dictionary, but the editors are careful to point out that mere bulk is not necessarily significant. If they wanted, they could heap up a vocabulary of 3,000,000, by pitchforking in hyphenated, technical, obsolete, and disreputable words. Chemistry could supply the names of 100,000 carbon compounds alone. Usefulness is the

(*Continued on page* 32)

**Of course, there are other good dictionaries of the English language. The 13-volume "Oxford English Dictionary" is a monument of scholarship; it is historical and linguistic rather than "general." In this country there are several thorough works, notably Funk & Wagnalls' "New Standard Dictionary" and the "New Century Dictionary."*

THIS WEEK

Cover design by E. McKnight Kauffer

Features

	PAGE
IT ENDS WITH ZYZZOGETON By J. Bryan, III	3
ALMANAC FOR SPRING READING By Amy Loveman	9
OUTING OF SPRING AUTHORS Drawn by Willard Mullin	10
THE PHOENIX NEST By William Rose Benét	24
REGIONAL COSTUMES By Carl P. Rollins	26
IN THE SCHOLARLY JOURNALS By Frederick F. Seely	34
AMONG THE YOUNGER POETS By Winifred Fisk	34

Reviews

BOOK	AUTHOR	REVIEWER	
SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS	Sherwood Anderson	*Harry Hansen*	5
THE EDGE OF DARKNESS	William Woods	*B. P. Schoyer*	6
ISLANDIA	Austin Tappan Wright	*Norman Cousins*	7
IN THE YEARS OF OUR LORD	Manuel Komroff	*George N. Shuster*	8
KINGS AND DESPERATE MEN	Louis Kronenberger	*Crane Brinton*	8
VILLAGE IN AUGUST	T'ien Chun	*Chen Shih-hsiang*	13
BINDWEED	Betty de Sherbinin	*Bess Jones*	16
MY UNCLE DUDLEY	Wright Morris	*Paul Armstrong*	16
BEND IN THE RIVER	Jan Valtin	*Paul Starrett*	17
RIVER LADY	Houston Branch and Frank Waters	*N. L. Rothman*	17
FULL SCORE	Frank Baker	*Richard A. Cordell*	17
VICTORY IN THE DUST	Arthur Phillips	*Phil Stong*	18
BIDDY BROGAN'S BOY	Jim Tully	*S. L. Phillips*	18
NO COMMON GLORY	David Pilgrim	*Charles David Abbott*	18
STRATEGY FOR DEMOCRACY	J. Donald Kingsley and David W. Petegorsky	*Roger N. Baldwin*	22
CESARE BORGIA: THE MACHIAVELLIAN PRINCE	Carlo Beuf	*Crane Brinton*	23
LIVING LETTERS FROM AMERICAN HISTORY	Edited by Frances Boykin	*Allan Nevins*	25
BLACK MARTINIQUE—RED GUIANA	Nicol Smith	*Linton Wells*	28
BLACK BORNEO	Charles C. Miller	*W. L. Tipton*	28
FROM MADRIGAL TO MODERN MUSIC: A GUIDE TO MUSICAL STYLES	Douglas Moore	*G. S. Dickinson*	30
HORATIO PARKER	Isabel Parker Semler in collaboration with Pierson Underwood	*Paul Henry Lang*	31

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 13
EDITORIAL 14
POEM 14
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 15
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 30
RECORDS IN REVIEW 35
DOUBLE CROSTICS CLUB 37
TRADE WINDS 38

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President and Treasurer; George Dilkes, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Albert R. Erskine, Jr., Advertising Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $5 in Canada and other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXV, No. 15, April 11, 1942. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sherwood Anderson's Story

HARRY HANSEN

Sherwood Anderson

WHEN Sherwood Anderson died unexpectedly at Colon, he had been writing his reminiscences with the object of issuing them in book form. From time to time he would describe an event or a period in his life and publish it in a magazine; thus parts of the book had been appearing since 1927. These parts have been assembled, and, together with unpublished chapters judiciously chosen from his manuscripts, are now being issued as "Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs."* Mrs. Anderson was the principal editor; she had the help of Paul Rosenfeld, who not only knew Anderson well but was one of the first to assess his gifts critically—and accurately; in addition the manuscript was read by such understanding friends as Roger Sergel, Lewis Galantiere, Ferdinand Schevill, and Stanley Young.

Sherwood Anderson was the most self-revealing author of our time; he not only drew on facets of his own personality for his imaginative work but admitted the reader repeatedly to the study of his most intimate writing problems. As a woman recalls her pregnancies, so Anderson was constantly recalling his state of mind before he had completely visualized a character or a situation, for, as he once expressed it, the telling of the tale is the cutting of the natal cord.

He made himself the example, the object of experiment and the springboard for whatever he had to say, contending eternally against the crystallization of an attitude toward life and a rigid pattern in his writing; this gave an imminence to everything he wrote and made him seem to be on the brink of new discoveries in the realm of personality. It also gave the impression that he was groping, and though he resented this word, it was by no means misapplied, nor should any blame be attached thereto. Anderson had the capacity of recognizing his material in what lay close at hand; he accepted every man as an interesting and enigmatic individual, and tried to penetrate his mask.

"Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs"—informal, genial, and dealing more factually with events that he had already kneaded into literary substance—verifies these general remarks. Here Anderson supplies names and dates for his rich adventures in personality, repeats some more in detail than before, and again lifts the veil on the story-teller's hopes, methods, and intentions. Here, again, is his Ohio boyhood, so important in his story-telling career, with illuminating pages on his home life with his sister after his mother's death; here is the beginning of his struggle against American business routine and the emergence of the brooding artist, until, in the 1930s, he joins in concrete forms of social protest. Once before Anderson had combined his worlds of fact and of imagination in "A Story Teller's Story"; there the emphasis was on mental images and moods developed from his experiences. Now he proposes to be more exact, but he can never shake off the conviction that "the self of fancy persists in laughing at the self of fact." It is impossible, says Anderson, for any man to live solely in the world of fact. Men do not exist in facts, they exist in dreams. "My readers, therefore, those who go along with me, will have to be patient. I am an imaginative man."

In Anderson's life-story we have the American small-town version of the eternal battle of the artist with the material concerns of this world. Where Thomas Mann develops the issue on a high intellectual level, Anderson deals with his emotional response and relies on his intuitions to tell him that he is playing a part for which he is not suited. He is frank about his eagerness to ape the successful advertising man. He swaggers, bangs doors, orders subordinates around. He is not above telling lies to ingratiate himself with his employer; he magnifies an accident, so that he appears to have wheedled a client into a larger order, and thus gets a boost in salary. He wears flashy clothes—"I have always been a clothes lover, lover of fine fabrics." But this is not wholly his advertising-man personality. Clothes he will continue to enjoy, even when he is no longer the advertising man. He is original in his attire; he buys bits of odd cloth and runs them through a ring to make a necktie. He is aware that he is something of an actor.

He relates, almost as an afterthought, that five employees of the advertising agency committed suicide while he worked there; his implication is that they went mad from artistic frustration, writing copy in which they did not believe. If this were true, then this agency would have had more than its legitimate share of the artistic temperament.

Van Wyck Brooks blames our literary bankruptcy on "the eternal taboo which the ideal of the acquisitive life places on experience." Anderson was uneasy in the presence of this taboo long before he read Brooks and recognized his own ailment. He writes that he wished to make money, yet when he accompanied Ohio business men to Cleveland for a spree involving drinks and women, he found the rewards unpalatable. He became interested in strange, wayward people, and during his first marriage played this interest against the respectability to which he conformed, taking out his frustration in baiting his respectable friends. "I got habitually nasty. I had got stories that would curl the guts of college professors in for an evening with their wives and I wanted to tell them and sometimes did. Painful moments of silence. . . . " In time this made him a willing outcast from the conventional world.

He was the artist, clutching at straws to sustain his belief in himself. When he was invited to meet the young Chicago authors in Margery Currey's Jackson Park home—Floyd Dell, Arthur Ficke, Ben Hecht, Eunice Tietjens, Lucian Cary, Ernestine Evans, Robert Morss Lovett, Llewellyn Jones—he hovered outside, trying to get up courage to go in; yet later he was quite at home, strutting and declaiming. Those who, like Floyd Dell, tried to guide his writing, encountered his rock-like determination to go his own way. "In 'Winesburg, Ohio' I had made my own form. Life is a loosely flowing thing. There are no plot stories in life." Anderson may have been unsure about people, and professed to be unsure about his own conclusions, but he never doubted his star, and he admitted Ben Hecht's charge that he was a colossal egotist.

Many of the stories about people in this book are good entertainment. Some are doubtful literary history. He describes an encounter with Heming-

*SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1942. 507 pp. $3.75.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way in which the latter said he wrote "Torrents of Spring" in order to kill Anderson off as an author. He describes a coolness between Faulkner and himself which seems entirely a part of Anderson's imagination. Did Anderson really berate the critic who has hidden himself under wrong initials, blaming him for calling him great? Or did he develop this scene in retrospect? Only the critic can tell us.

Once Anderson was telling his friends what had happened on a fishing trip, and Marco Morrow, a companion on the trip, announced that he was the champion liar, misquoting a character. Anderson says in justification: "If he had not said some of the things I made him say, he should have said them." I don't wish to emulate Marco Morrow, but one chapter, entitled "All Will Be Free," affords me much amusement. A man who runs a box factory comes to Anderson and Hecht in a restaurant, buys drinks, and announces that he means to run a dance hall free on the second floor. The next day it is learned that he has jumped into the river; he was bankrupt and penniless. Ben Hecht told the story in "1001 Afternoons in Chicago"; Anderson's story seems to derive from Hecht's. I sat beside the lads in Schlogl's Chicago restaurant when the box-factory man bought the drinks and both stories were conceived. At that time I was surprised to hear Ben say he didn't want to hear more; "I've got my story." In Ben's story, Anderson calls him up to tell him the man is a suicide; in Anderson's story he hears the news from Ben. Anderson's recollection seems to have been refreshed by the story in Ben's book; he has added his characteristic embellishments, and the box-factory man becomes a brooding Andersonian. My own prosaic version wouldn't interest anybody.

His book is more than literary gossip, though it has the flavor of that; it is revelation. Here the man who was forever trying to penetrate the human enigma, reveals himself. He is consistent in his vagaries, his gropings, his hesitations. He is authentically home-grown, home-town. He took no words from Hawthorne and Shakespeare, cribbed no characters from Dickens. His people are Ohio, Chicago, Marion, Va., and ourselves. Invariably he recognizes the tremendous influence on human behavior of the elements that lie below the navel. What, he asks, were the hidden lusts and loves of these men and women? What were their amorous experiences? His search was never furtive. One episode of his boyhood is characteristic. A lad leads him to a lighted window on a dark night, to view a girl undressing for bed. Anderson hits his friend and runs away, violently disturbed. All through life, he made no bones about his frank interest. He had no sophisticated attitude toward the life process. It has been said that Anderson was affected by psychoanalysis, and he describes how Floyd Dell analyzed him and his friends. But Anderson had an intuitive understanding of hidden forces long before analysis became a parlor game. He was merely a ready example for the analysts. His deep concern with human qualities in ordinary people—ordinary to the conventional novelist—and his ability to convert to literature the words of common speech, gave Anderson his great influence on young writers. The book closes with Anderson's desire to have inscribed on his grave, the reverse of Barrie's famous line in Peter Pan: "Life, not death, is the great adventure." Love of life was implicit in everything he wrote.

Harry Hansen was associated with the Chicago writers in the 1920's, and his study of Sherwood Anderson in "Midwest Portraits" (1923) was one of the first to appear in book form.

The Thirst for Freedom

THE EDGE OF DARKNESS. By William Woods. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1942. 334 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by B. P. SCHOYER

THIS is not only a war novel of distinction but a lesson of man's unconquerable spirit under the heel of an invader. Written with simplicity and vigor, it tells the story of a Norwegian fishing village that rises against the local German garrison. The plot is an exciting one, full of mounting suspense, but it is the author's portrayal of the villagers that gives the story strength and conviction. It has no central character unless it be the village as a whole, whose will to freedom raises men to a stature they do not normally possess.

Mr. Woods knows Norway and the Norwegians, but his people are any people caught in the tragedy of invasion and war. There is Dr. Stengard, the pompous little mayor who knew he must plot and fight with his stronger-willed compatriots though he hasn't the courage for the task. There is imperturbable old Sixtus Andresen who told the German commander exactly what he thought of him. "If I were afraid," he says, "there might be hope for you, but I am not. Do you think you can stop the working of our brains and hearts? We are not animals. We are men." Nor are the Germans any less flesh and blood. The Captain is a harsh, lonely man who works out a masterly scheme of defense for the village, which he thinks will win him a better command. When Berlin reports it unsatisfactory, he is bewildered. Having no friends, he pours out his heart to an army prostitute, only to leave her in a rage when he finds her interest is not in his troubles but in getting his permission to leave Norway.

Mr. Woods sees one effect of the war very profoundly. You are either a Norwegian or a German. Those who try to cross the line invite nothing but tragedy. Such is the case in the poignant love affair between one of the Germans and Karen, Dr. Stengard's daughter. Gerd Bjarnesen sees the situation more clearly. When another German who expects to return to civilian life proposes marriage, she resists temptation. She can see the inexorable tyranny of war. There is no hope of escape, of freedom for either of them, or for anyone, as long as others are denied that freedom.

Mr. Woods has drawn his characters very simply. He has a talent for bringing them to life with only a few strokes of his pen. Consequently, one wishes he had drawn them in greater detail. Because of this treatment, their number, and the rapid change of scene, there is at times a confusion to the story. But out of it, as sharp and clear as his picture of the little Norwegian town, rises the truth of his theme, that no amount of suffering and hardship will keep free men passive under the yoke of a conqueror. It is this that gives his title significance; there can be only an edge of darkness in Norway as long as the thirst for freedom lives on. If for no other reason, his success in driving this idea home makes the book an important one.

William Woods

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Almanac for Spring Reading

AMY LOVEMAN

APRIL 13

OLGA PETROVA, favorite of stage and screen, looks back in *Butter with My Bread* not only on the triumphs of her career and varied incidents of the theatre both in Britain and America but upon girlhood days . . . Some of the characters and all of the charm which made Nina Fedorova's *The Family* so delightful a book reappear in the sequel to it, *The Children* . . . Stories, humorous and satirical and running the gamut of his years from college days in Oxford to the present, have been brought together by Peter Fleming in a volume entitled *A Story to Tell and Other Tales* . . . A. I. Bezzerides introduces an interesting character in the hero of *There Is a Happy Land,* a migrant worker who finds his happiness outside the well-worn rut . . . Two lives of one of America's foremost figures make their bow in Elbert D. Thomas's *Thomas Jefferson, World Citizen* and Saul K. Padover's *Jefferson* . . . Taylor Caldwell continues her series of industrial novels with *The Strong City* which follows the fortunes of a German immigrant who rises from obscurity to the presidency of a steel company and general importance . . . Franz Werfel, whose *Verdi* is by many accounted his best book, now offers a biographical study entitled *Verdi: The Man in His Letters* . . . The economic shape of the America to come is discussed by Stuart Chase in *The Road We Are Travelling* . . . Shudders and chills for the mystery fans and lovers of adventure in Christine Weston's *The Devil's Foot* and Keran Abbey's *And Let the Coffin Pass* . . .

APRIL 14

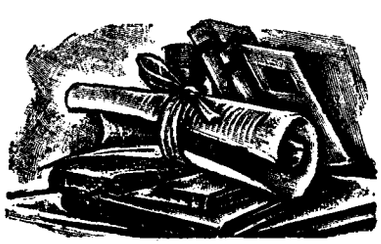
A discussion of the American industrial machine as it functions at present and suggestions for its improvement constitute the subject matter of Carl Dreher's *The Coming Showdown* . . . Probably it will be long before a more complete study of Mormon history and organization appears than Nels Anderson's *Desert Saints: The Mormon Frontier in Utah,* to be issued on this date . . . Readers of William Faulkner will guess that his collection of short stories entitled *Go Down, Moses* contains racy tales of the South dealing with both Negroes and whites. . . . Walter Havighurst, who two or three years ago contributed an excellent volume to the Rivers of America series, now in *The Long Ships Passing* tells the story of the Great Lakes . . . Evelyn Waugh fans take notice! There's a typical Waugh novel due on this date which deals in sportive manner with a hero who blunders his way into the army. *Put Out More Flags,* it's called . . . A careful study, *The Strength of Nations,* by George Soule, is an examination into the relationship between the social sciences and psychology . . .

APRIL 15

A treasury of selections from the writings of the philosopher, gathered together under the title *As William James Said,* makes the heart of his work available to those too busy or too impatient to read it at length . . . Christopher Cat in collaboration with Countee Cullen (and guess how many authors they are) recounts in *My Lives and How I Lost Them* the fate that befell eight of his traditional nine lives . . . Wives of naval men take heed lest you run afoul of naval etiquette. How to steer a straight course of social conduct is told you in *The Navy Wife,* by Anne Briscoe Pye and Nancy Shea . . . The strong of stomach will find tough, raw realism in Nelson Algren's portrayal of a group of young people in the Polish section of Chicago. *Never Come Morning* is a sordid but powerful book . . . Those who prefer their fiction gay and amusing can turn to Holmes Alexander's entertaining love story with a Baltimore background, *Selina* . . . Happy hunting for detective story readers in the reissue under one cover in *The Three Star Mystery Book* of a trio of excellent novels, J. B. Priestley's *The Old Dark House,* James Hilton's *Was It Murder?,* and Ethel Lina White's *The Wheel Spins* . . . Here's opportunity to find out more of an institution most of us know too little about in Lucy Salamanca's *Fortress of Freedom: The Story of the Library of Congress.*

APRIL 16

Myron Brinig in unaccustomed lightness of mood writes a gay story of family life, *The Family Way* . . . Evelyn Bolster's *Come Gentle Spring,* a triangle novel, looks as if it were headed for popularity . . . Professorial circles and sociologists will find Logan Wilson's study of *The Academic Man* of much interest . . . Like Bernard Shaw, William Saroyan proves himself in *Razzle Dazzle* a playwright whose Prefaces are hardly less interesting than his plays . . . The female of the species gets her innings at last in Herbert E. French's *My Yankee Mother* . . .



APRIL 17

Philip Gibbs turns from his native country to our own in *America Speaks* in which he presents his impressions of the United States as he saw it just before the war . . . Circulating libraries prepare for a rush; there's a new Kathleen Norris novel, *Dina Cashman* (and its heroine gets a divorce) . . . One of the most interesting books of the Spring makes its appearance in Raoul Roussy de Sales's *The Making of Tomorrow,* a consideration of the forces rending the world today with special emphasis on the part America can play in their resolution . . . Lewellys F. Barker, one of the great hierarchy of Johns Hopkins physicians, looks back over his life and medicine and its practitioners as he has known them in *Time and the Physician* . . . History and romance are mixed into a lively tale of Revolutionary days in John Bryson's *Valiant Libertine* . . .

APRIL 18

Greystone Panorama Books add five to their number—from art to farms they range . . . Otherwise not much on this day . . .

APRIL 20

Ashes of Gold, a tale of Mexico by Helen Virginia Botsford, won its author honorable mention in the Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship contest to which it was submitted . . . A new volume in the American Guide Series prepared by the Writers' Project of the W.P.A., *Atlanta: A Guide to the City and Its Environs* . . . In *Balkan Firebrand,* Konta Todoroff, soldier, diplomat, and writer, presents his autobiography . . . Oscar Lewis, authority on California, turns from factual narrative to fiction in *I Remember Christine,* which, however, in its portrayal of a family history from Gold Rush days to the present, perhaps isn't so much fiction after all . . . Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker describes *The Old South* . . . In *The Last Time I Saw Paris* Elliot Paul writes a racy and vivacious account of one block and its inhabitants in the pre-war French capital . . . Himself half Russian by descent, Alexander Werth, a British correspondent in Russia, offers an illuminating and highly interesting report on war in Russia since the German invasion with particular emphasis on the reaction of the people to it. *Moscow War Diary* his book is called . . . Test your wits by looking up some famous statement in H. L. Mencken's *A New Dictionary of Quotations.* It's arranged by rubrics and has no index,

(*Continued on page* 12)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Being an Outing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Few Spring Authors

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRING ALMANAC

(*Continued from page* 9)

but it's a grand anthology . . . There's been "a chiel among us taking notes," and now Jules Romains has embodied them in *Salsette Discovers America* . . . Another European exile who has added to the distinction of American literary life brings out a book on this date when Franz Werfel's *The Song of Bernadette* is published. It's a Book-of-the-Month Club selection . . . An excellent historical novel, with Texas for background and preliminary lively scenes on the Mississippi and in Missouri, comes in Karle Wilson Baker's *Star of the Wilderness.* Absorbing reading which will certainly lend itself well to screening . . .

APRIL 21

Choose your own. There's a good Mormon novel due on this date, Elinor Pryor's *—And Never Yield,* another coming next month, and not so long ago Vardis Fisher's led the way. This one is both authentic and romantic . . . Women especially, though other readers as well, ought to be interested in the autobiography of Han Suyin entitled *Destination Chungking* for it is an interesting portrayal of the education and career of a modern Chinese woman . . . China as an outsider sees it is depicted in Edna Lee Booker's *Flight from China,* a correspondent's chronicle of her experience in Japanese occupied territory . . . Edith Hamilton's *Mythology* continues the author's series of illuminating interpretations of ancient times . . . Two thrillers with titles pleasantly indicative of their nature, Medora Field's *Blood on Her Shoe,* and Ellery Queen's *Calamity Town* . . .

APRIL 22

A little known episode of American history serves as theme for Paul I. Wellman's lively novel, *Angel with Spurs,* which tells the tale of the rebellious element in Lee's army which, refusing to surrender to the North, marched into Mexico to join Maximilian's forces . . . A great anti-slavery agitator of colonial days finds a discriminating and interesting biographer in Janet Whitney's *John Woolman, American Quaker* . . . Hilarious and ingenious adventures make Darwin Teilhet's *Trouble Is My Master* grand reading for lovers of the picaresque tale . . .

APRIL 23

The most distinguished name to appear among the list of authors with books to be published on this date is that of Robert Frost whose first volume in six years, *A Witness Tree,* will be hailed by lovers of poetry . . . Alexander Kiralfy makes a plea for offensive war in the Pacific in *Victory in the Pacific: How We Must Defeat Japan* . . . The day's contribution to absorbing literature, James Gunn's *Deadlier Than the Male* . . .

APRIL 24

Waldo Frank's interesting study, *Virgin Spain,* first issued in 1926, reappears in a revised and expanded edition . . . The Naval Academy, never more important in American history than it is today, is given full portrayal from its founding to the present in Captain W. D. Puleston's *Annapolis: Gangway to the Quarterdeck* . . . Short stories, by Sholem Asch, covering work done by him during the past thirty years, and ranging broadly in subject and background, make their appearance in a volume called *Children of Abraham* . . . Texas as one of its sons saw it in a busy career as farmer, rancher, and merchant, and when it was still something of a hobbledehoy state, forms a large part of the background of *The Autobiography of a Durable Sinner,* by Owen P. White, one-time editor of *Collier's* . . . For the American Association on Indian Affairs Oliver LaFarge has edited a symposium upon *The Changing Indian* . . . For horror reading by night—Manning Long's *Vicious Circle* . . .

APRIL 27

Gladys Schmitt's *The Gates of Aulis,* a novel of family life in Pittsburgh, won the Dial Press Award for 1942 . . .

APRIL 28

The world which has seen Paris go down before the invader today ought to find special interest in that earlier period when it was under siege and conquest, 1870-71. Alfred Neumann describes it in his novel, *The Friends of the People* . . . Howard Dutton Taft issues his *Memories and Opinions* . . .

APRIL 29

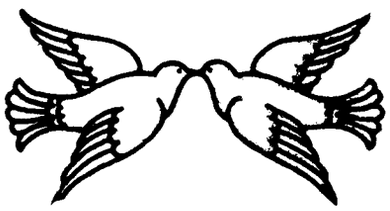
I. A. R. Wylie's *Keeper of the Flame* is already destined for the screen. Swift, interesting romance . . .

APRIL 30

A treat for the mystery fans—a new novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart, *Haunted Lady* . . .

MAY 1

Flamingo Road, by Robert Wilder, sets a lusty tale of love, adventure, and intrigue against a Florida background . . . Good entertainment for those who like light romance is Georgette Heyer's *Faro's Daughter* . . . Vilhjalmur Stefansson, explorer and eminent authority on the Arctic regions, presents a study of *Greenland* . . . A spy story that has something doing every minute to keep the reader tense comes from Katharine Roberts in *Center of the Web* . . . More excitement in Ruth Fenisong's *Murder Needs a Name* . . . Hugh Walpole writes a psychological horror story in *The Killer and the Slain* in which we watch the disintegration of a good man under the impact of an evil deed he has wrought . . . Eleanor Roosevelt furnishes a gloss on a collection of magnificent photographs of varied scenes by Frances Cooke Macgregor in *This Is America* . . . In *War Has Seven Faces* Frank Gervasi, a war correspondent, reports on personal experiences and conditions in Europe and other war-torn regions . . .



MAY 4

A darling for the rental libraries in Elizabeth Goudge's *The Castle on the Hill* . . . An authoritative *Short History of Canada for Americans* by Alfred Leroy, appears under the aegis of a university press . . . Murders to solve in James Atlee Phillips's *The Case of the Shivering Chorus Girl* and Elizabeth Sanxay Holding's *Lady Killer* . . .

MAY 5

Adventure galore in Bruce Lancaster's tale of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, *Bright to the Wanderer* . . .

MAY 6

A good time was had by all, with occasional contretemps to add spice to the family gathering, when the Victor clan gathered to celebrate a Golden Wedding. Harriet Ball spins a pleasant yarn about her characters in *Each Alone* . . . In *Elizabeth,* Hilaire Belloc presents a picture of England's Virgin Queen which shows her as the creature of circumstance . . . Julian Huxley offers a reappraisal of the Darwinian theory in *Revolution Up-to-Date* . . . Help for all of us whose geography is shaky in *Global War,* by Edgar Ansel Mowrer and Marthe Rajchman, an atlas of world strategy which contains maps and descriptions of the various theatres of war . . . Jerome Frank sets forth the workings of governmental agencies in *If Men Were Angels,* which, as its title may imply, is a defense of such organizations . . . Ignazio Silone, author of *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine,* writes another tale of Fascist Italy in *The Seed beneath the Snow* . . . Of course G. B. S. has something to say about himself in Hesketh Pearson's biography of him. The book bears the title *G. B. S.: A Full-length Portrait with the Active Assistance of Shaw Himself.* It should be a sprightly book . . .

MAY 11

A Little Lower than the Angels, by Virginia Sorensen, can hold its own with any other novel on the Mormons.

(*Continued on page* 35)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Soul of the New China

VILLAGE IN AUGUST. By T'ien Chun. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1942. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHEN SHIH-HSIANG

"VILLAGE IN AUGUST" will be an extraordinary contribution to the American literary world because it is not only the first contemporary Chinese novel translated into English, but it is one of the best translations of all Chinese literary works ever introduced to the West. The reviewer read it in the Chinese original about seven years ago when every patriotic and socially minded Chinese student was talking about it. Of course most of these young people could only *talk* about it and repeat hearsays. They could hardly expect to own a copy, or even to read one. For the book had an amazingly short-lived circulation before it was banned. In Peiping, one of the censors whom I knew told me privately (those fellows were always good at giving "reasons") that they had to "suspend" the book "certainly not for political 'antipathy,' but because it is a 'lewd' book with all the dirtiest and mostly lowly phrases possible." I was then too disgusted with the man to tell him a little about Hemingway.

However, it is extremely heartening now to see the book in its present English "make up," so wonderfully translated, and at the most proper time, too.

It has been an old story that the "Manchurian Incident" was a dangerous spark so foolishly neglected that it eventually threatened to burn up the whole world. But not until the "reappearance" of this book, in a different language, has the world been enabled to see so vividly and so intimately the life of the heroes who have since the very beginning been fighting those flames. The author, T'ien Chun, has been one of those heroes himself, a soldier, a revolutionary, and a descendant of Manchurian farmers and "bandits." He was well acquainted with the Chinese classical works such as those of Li Po, Tu Fu, and Wang Wei. And—the world of letters is never too wide—he is a great lover of Goethe, Chekov, and Gorki. The influence of these masters is sometimes obvious in his "Village in August." The author's real personal experiences (in the Volunteer Anti-Japanese Army) which might well have been found in such fantastic adventure stories as Smollett's or in "Don Quixote" are told in this book in a thoroughly realistic manner. Yet in certain parts he has attained the bewitching pastoral beauty which is so characteristic of the Chinese classics. But all these fine qualities are mere details, pretty foils, for the book is like a rushing torrent, so willful, so forceful! It is a torrent that carries with it green leaves, dainty flowers, wild aquatic lives, also weeds and offals; and, most mercilessly, dragging them all to serve its own purpose, to make for its own destination which is the surging sea—the Revolution.

No plot can be expected of such a novel. It just begins and ends, with a string of startling stories: each comes unexpectedly yet seems inevitable when one has read it over. But the whole atmosphere is intact and harmonious, so much so, that it gives despite all a sense of form.

Revealed here is the greatness of the fighting human soul which possesses the whole scene. As the story goes on, we see these characters in various lights and shadows: how they use their ingenuity at night attack; how they hate and love; how they kill and spare; how they are defeated and rally again. . . . Altogether, they are described as good fighters. Yet as individuals how they vary. These characters are each given the occasion to reveal their individuality. But strictly speaking, there is hardly any characterization in this novel. Rather, each character is made to represent a bit of a strange life conceived as a whole. It is as though the outpouring of the torrential narrative itself left no breathing space for characterization. And the story ends abruptly, like a river that disappears suddenly beyond the horizon.

Not too frequently, certain passages in the speeches that these "Comrades" have to make sound rather like the "platitudes" in Communistic propaganda. But the book was written seven years ago. It had to be like that because it was being realistic.

The description of Japanese cruelty coincides with what has appeared in two good novels about the Sino-Japanese War: Lin Yutang's "One Leaf in the Storm" and Pearl S. Buck's "Dragon Seed." Readers need not think that there is any exaggeration in it. If you do, please read Anthony Eden's recent report to the House of Commons about Hongkong.

Tribute is due the translator. Because of his happy translation some of the picturesque expressions in the Chinese language will be duly appreciated by the Americans. Would the editor of *Picturesque Speech and Patter* of the *Reader's Digest* like this one?:

> The comrades climbed like field mice over the difficult terrain. The rain had no pity on them. *It walked quick and hard on the backs of those gray mice, with a sound of pelting gravel.*

S. H. Chen (Chen Shih-hsiang) is the editor and translator with Harold Acton of "Modern Chinese Poetry." He was formerly lecturer at the College of Liberal Arts, National University of Peking, and the founder of a literary weekly in Hunan.

Your Literary I. Q.

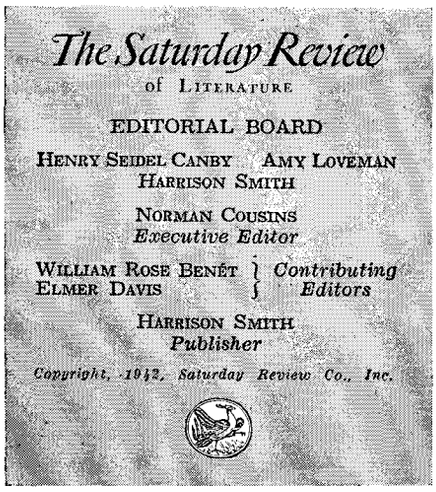
By Howard Collins

END WORDS OF FAMOUS STANZAS

The end words of the famous poetic passages given here should recall the poems to your mind, and, in turn, the poets who wrote them. Can you match up the words with the proper poet? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 29.

1. breast, crest, dove, love	( ) Browning
2. day, lea, way, me	( ) Bryant
3. day, motion, ship, ocean	( ) Byron
4. dew, day, pursue, way	( ) Coleridge
5. fold, gold, sea, Galilee	( ) Fitzgerald
6. June, days, tune, lays	( ) Gray
7. make, cage, take, hermitage	( ) Henley
8. man, tan, pantaloons, tunes	( ) Herrick
9. may, a-flying, today, dying	( ) Housman
10. me, pole, be, soul	( ) Longfellow
11. now, bough, ride, Eastertide	( ) Lovelace
12. numbers, dream, slumbers, seem	( ) Lowell
13. plain, you, again, new	( ) Masefield
14. plaine, shielde, remaine, fielde	( ) Poe
15. Sky, by, shaking, breaking	( ) Scott
16. sky, lie, die, will	( ) Spenser
17. Spring, fling, way, Wing	( ) Stevenson
18. stone, eye, one, sky	( ) Tennyson
19. weary, lore, tapping, door	( ) Whittier
20. west, best, none, alone	( ) Wordsworth

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FOR PACIFISTS TODAY

JUST recently the press has given some space to the case of the motion-picture actor, Lew Ayres, who fought out in his own heart and mind the question of whether he could honestly go to war, and decided to go to a camp for conscientious objectors. One reaction of the public to Mr. Ayres's decision was featured, a reaction that does the American public no credit whatsoever. A number of movie houses in several cities—particularly Chicago and New York—have banned films in which he appears. These films, of course, have nothing to do with the war. Mr. Ayres was desirous of enrolling in some medical unit, for service during the war. This, for some reason, was denied him. From all we have read of his case he seems to be a perfectly sincere and deeply religious man whose horror of war in general was induced through his acting, after the last war, in the film made from that extraordinary novel by Erich Maria Remarque, "All Quiet on the Western Front." The novel was a natural outgrowth of the devastation of the last war, and was the counterpart in fiction to such serious works as "The Martial Spirit" and "The Road to War," by Walter Millis, a man who today ardently supports his country in the present struggle.

This opens the whole subject of pacifism today, facing the facts that obtain now—and considering the grim alternative to our taking up arms to defend ourselves. It hardly seems possible that anyone today lives in such a never-never land as still to say that if we do nothing to stop the Axis from overrunning the world, the whole thing will die down by itself and the world return to peace. Passive resistance will not stop those who are engaged in attempting to destroy all mental and spiritual integrity, engaged in establishing everything that is the opposite of civilization as we know it.

We believe that a profound moral issue is involved in this war—and not because any of the United Nations are unmoved by self-interest—of course they are, Russia as much as any. But self-interest does not merely imply imperialism. In this case we are all fighting for our lives, to preserve the best of our respective ways of life.

It is the effort of the human spirit always to try to bring about a state of affairs in which war may be outlawed, as the cruel and horrible thing it is. There has never been a truly great military leader in the history of the world who has not found war a horrible affair. Men like to fight—yes, but today I doubt whether there is one man in a hundred who does not know what a vast and inhuman holocaust modern science has made of war, and does not hate that monstrosity. None of the so-called democracies wanted this war, no matter how diligently Hitler spread his vast smoke-screen of "War-Mongering." Merely read the indisputable facts of what happened before the struggle assumed its present proportions!

I do not agree with the conclusions of Mr. Lew Ayres. I think what we are fighting is a definite form of evil, and I do not believe in fighting it with passive resistance. On the other hand, I think that the moment we begin handling our conscientious objectors with brutality, or even with mere stupidity, that moment we are surrendering one of our hard-won principles to our sworn enemies. The obligation upon us, laid on us by this war, is not to sink to our enemies' level of conduct, but to exercise to the full our most humane intelligence, as well as building up a victorious military machine.

The two ends, say you, are incompatible? Not in a true democracy! Justice goes with strength, not with weakness. If it is going to be a long war, we can take it; but our harder job is steadily to make actual the ideals for which our youth are going forth to die. Every silly woman who sneers at the dinner-table against our Jewish or Negro population is, perhaps unconsciously but none the less directly, insulting men of our fighting forces and smearing the free flag of the United States. Every man in the street who opines that it will all accomplish nothing, now that we are arrayed against the mighty powers of evil, is directly giving aid and comfort to the enemy. In this free country these people have the right of free speech. It is both their brains and their consciences for which I have a concern! They are neither thinking straight, nor do they hate enough, not peoples, not even leaders, but the reiterated lack of principle for which those peoples and those leaders stand.

There is little new in history. Recently I have been reading a good deal about the time of the Grand Monarque. Louis the Fourteenth would have conquered all Europe if he could. He would, in the early eighteenth century, have imposed upon all Europe, a particularly vicious form of absolute monarchy. The hands of Holland, of England, and of their Allies, were certainly not spotless when they opposed him. But that they did, and that the far-from-spotless Marlborough conquered Louis's armies in the field—that advanced the world just a little more upon the road of civilization.

After so many centuries we have arrived, today, at a few hard-held outposts of tolerance, humanity, reason, understanding. Now we are desperately holding those outposts against an upsurge of the Dark Ages. Let us not forget the nature of our redoubts! As we go forward in this war, from which there is no discharge so long as evil lives, let us search our hearts and our minds; let us gather all our forces for good, cast aside our petty politics, our spites, our greeds, our readiness to condemn, and to sneer. There is always the cause; but every cause has only the strength and virtue of those who adhere to it. W. R. B.

Beauty

By Arthur Davison Ficke

AND what is beauty? It is a going-home
To an adventure in an unknown land.
It is surprise that smites the spirit dumb,
Yet as familiar as a trusted hand.
It is a faring forth and a return—
A recognition where they glow apart
Of storm-blown lights whose lesser embers burn
Upon the hearthstone of the secret heart.
Beauty can be the reawakening spell
For wonders that the spirit always knew—
Or the strange coming of a miracle
That on the soul's dark threshold now proves true—
And the heart sees, with dim incredulous eyes,
Itself the manger where a savior lies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Factual Fiction

SIR:—What frame of mind, I wonder, nowadays, befits the plodding historian when the result of his patient and pedestrian labors is acclaimed as a not unsatisfying romance? If readers like the book—reflection whispers—what more can a sane author require? And should his reviewers upon the whole commend it, why, then, what livelier form of Rhadamanthine charity can a reviewer be hoped to exhibit? The historian in such odd circumstances has not, I admit, any personal grievance; for the injustice involved does not in any tangible way hurt him, nor his prosperity; but works, rather, to exaggerate his inventiveness.

Even so, my conscience does a bit trouble me over the reception granted to my most recent book, "The First Gentleman of America." People at large, and in print also, have been fairly affable as to these "legendary adventures of the prince of a mythic country." The point, though—the ever pricking point which today harries my conscience—is that the adventures were no more legendary than the kingdom was mythic. For "The First Gentleman of America" is all sober-sided factual history, throughout, except for some few gaps which had to be bridged by fancy or patched up with inference; so that at the call of conscience, I shall here confess that to treat this book as "romance" seems rather grossly unfair to the first native-born American who figures in history, and to the first of all great Virginians.

I become, you see, and in spite of custom, wholly serious, now that I needs confess to my unblushing theft, from veracity, of the entire story. From the Northern Neck of Virginia, which was then called Ajacan, an exploring party of Spaniards did fetch, in 1561, an Indian chief, who in Mexico was christened Luis de Velasco; who became thoroughly civilized; who passed ten easeful years, as the recipient of a royal pension and with the rank of a grandee, in Mexico, in Florida, and at the court of King Philip II—in all which places Don Luis appears to have drawn his own conclusions as to the merits of Spain's Nazi-like inhuman culture; and who in consequence, when in 1571 he was sent back to his native Ajacan as the patron of a Spanish colony, quite calmly destroyed that colony, with a completeness so unsparing that no Spaniard ever again attempted to establish Spain's bleak rule in that part of North America.

To declare this performance an important event is to deal in the brusque and brittle art of understatement a bit over-profusely. But for Don Luis de Velasco, the Spaniards during the following year would have sent, as was foreplanned, yet further settlers; the present Commonwealth of Virginia, and in due course, to all likelihood, the entire Atlantic seaboard, would have become a Spanish colony; nor would Jamestown or Plymouth ever have detained the attention of any primary pupil even transiently. Upon 2 February 1572, in brief, the Indian-born Don Luis de Velasco changed, and in changing he predetermined, the fate of a continent. He left it free to become English.

That had seemed to me a feat worthy of commemoration through—I can but repeat—the patient and pedestrian labors of an historian. So I wrote out the man's biography as a staid and as a matter-of-fact, and even as a perhaps timely, account of the first American to undertake, and with competence to perform, the large task of defending America. I was at pains to list all my "sources," in a rather closely printed five-page Bibliography; the Virginian portions of the book have been endorsed in public and editorially by such specialists as Virginius Dabney and Douglas Freeman; the Floridian half of it (after having been checked in proof by such yet other specialists as Edward W. Lawson and A. J. Hanna) have been officially commended by the Florida Historical Society as a serious contribution to the state's archives: and yet, under a palliation of friendly approval, yet to my reviewers, and in consequence to my readers, this book remains "the legendary adventures of the prince of a mythic country."

What then is one to do? To be accredited with an imagination so lively as to have made up the entire incredible tale of Don Luis de Velasco is wholly flattering, one grants; and yet I very much prefer, at the cost of undeserved plaudits, to assure Americans at large that in their history the first chapter was contributed by an American whom they have coldly forgotten. In fact, it seems to me a chapter which at this special moment might merit some special attention. Not merely through unmeaning chance, I elect to think, was the first known of all native Americans a patriot who rid his land of invaders.

JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

"The way I figure it, I can't afford to be pardoned. This is the third story I've sold this month."

Date, Please

SIR:—In scientific journals, the date at which the manuscript was received is often given. Would this practice not be appropriate for books as well, especially in these days of rapid change, not only for the convenience of present readers but as an aid to scholars in years to come?

For example, one would like to know whether certain books dated 1941 were completed before or after the Nazi invasion of Russia, before or after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. One would like to know just when a certain brochure was finished which contained the phrase, "if Greece holds out" and when the originals of some very important translations were first published.

It is true that the precise date is given at the end of some prefaces. But why should not all publishers agree to put on the Copyright Page the day and the month as well as the year on which a completed manuscript is received or when the final proof is corrected. This would save many of us a lot of trouble—and also the worry as to whether some authors are fools or prophets.

HOUSTON PETERSON.

New York, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Matriarchic Pattern

BINDWEED. By Betty de Sherbinin. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1942. 278 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

A BOOK like this is the writer's gift to the lover of novels who finds too few genuine novels to love. Its material is entirely fresh, its point of view mature, and it is written with a compactness and simplicity that may lead the unwary, accustomed to more clamorous tones, to mistake restraint for slightness. Miss de Sherbinin's account of the stifling matriarchal order of the Barros household in Buenos Aires is anything but slight in its implications, and though it may do little to advance the Good Neighbor Policy, if there is any reality in our fond belief that to know about a thing is to deal with it more effectively, she leaves us little excuse for continued blindness to the deep cultural differences we are facing.

The Barros house symbolized the oppressively solid taste of the self-made Spanish immigrant united to a strong-minded native Argentinian of good though undistinguished birth. Señor Barros, who lies dead in the house as the story opens, had made his fortune in cattle and ten years before his lamented departure had moved his family as well as the heavy furnishings, elaborate hangings, and attitudes from Rosario to the capital city. The Señora ruled her menage with the calm assurance of one whose authority has never been successfully questioned, least of all by her young daughter Maria Gloria, who had been properly brought up to obey her mother, to love God, to believe what the priests told her, to embroider exquisitely, and to get a husband as quickly as possible. The husband should of course be of good family and preferably attractive to look at, but he held less importance in himself than as a symbol of status, father of children, and means of establishing a new matriarchy. If in his ardor he disturbingly broke the pattern God and mothers had established for young women—the pattern of passive martyrdom to man's lower nature in the service of Higher Purposes—he would pay for it. Hector Romero, the Europeanized Argentine Maria Gloria married, found that out, just as he learned, too late to help him much, that his previous training, love of ease, and good living, and a long stay abroad—chiefly in Paris—were not the best preparation for a family man as the Barros household saw it.

Only two escaped and broke the formula, Clara the niece, who almost succumbed because she wanted love and Jorge so much, and Jorge the young scientist, friend of Hector, for whom the marital trap was patently set by the Señora and, to her chagrin, eluded. These two young people are the moderns neither Maria nor Hector could be, and it is hard for us, who take our relationships so casually and our intellectual and social freedoms for granted, to believe that in the Western Hemisphere chaperonage, strictest supervision over engaged couples, and rigid family authority can remain almost unchallenged by the young.

Wright Morris

Betty de Sherbinin

Nearly all the characters come through alive and distinctive. Only at the end, in the American girl tourist, does Miss de Sherbinin fail to round out one of her figures into a credible whole, but that is a slight fault in the face of such success with the others, from the matriarch down to the servant girl's lover, who, in his letter of proposal, suggested to Concepcion that if she had any money saved he needed a new refrigerator, "as modern methods favor a growing business."

This is Miss de Sherbinin's second book about the Argentine. She has written it richly and wisely, and one can only hope that she will continue in her present vein.

Philosophic Hobo

MY UNCLE DUDLEY. By Wright Morris. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1942. 210 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ARMSTRONG

IT is too bad that the exponents of the American hardboiled, and often merely dirty, school all came in so closely together, after Fitzgerald's violent but polite post-war decadence. They have misguided the youth; and they have often misguided promising youth. It is true that they have often guided the youth to a good story, "What Makes Sammy Run?", for example, but it takes an accomplished literary split dancer to stand with one foot on Parnassus and the other in a cesspool for as long as it takes to finish a novel.

"My Uncle Dudley" is more of a jig, which is chiefly accomplished on the wrong foot. It has some tolerable writing, some humor, and the mild (in this case) but almost inevitable suspense of the Odyssey pattern. It is frequently economical but sometimes it is so much so that it is unintelligible. On the other hand, it is prolix in the passages dealing with the essential natures of men and those discussing the nature of sacred and profane love as discussed by an autoful of bums who have had little opportunity to study either.

Uncle Dudley is the philosophic hobo whose companion is the narrator, his sub-adolescent nephew. He persuades six or seven fringe characters of Los Angeles to ride with him in his car to Chicago at approximately twenty-five dollars each. After they have paid he buys the car, a $50 Marmon. The trip is a succession of flats, breakdowns and pseudo-philosophic disputes, all dealt with by the boy, who is driving, in his own way; efficiently in the case of the car; youthfully in the case of the philosophy. Some fall by the wayside, a character called "Pop" disappears from the story without any auctorial apologies, which are perhaps not necessary, since he never appears in it by more than name and physical description, three or four turn up in a jail in Mississippi—Mississippi according to the dust jacket, though that seems a curious route from western Arkansas to Chicago—and approximately one-fourth of the book is given to an enigmatic and sometimes wholly untranslatable description of the brutal, homosexual, liquorish, and feculent horrors of a small town jail in the deep South.

In spite of some good remarks and a few good scenes, the story takes patience and a great deal of Eau-de-Cologne.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Valtin Story

BEND IN THE RIVER. By Jan Valtin. New York: The Alliance Press. 1942. 281 *pp.* $2.

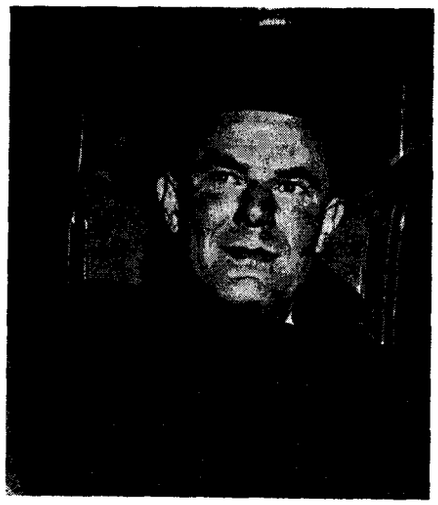
Reviewed by PAUL STARRETT

THE most interesting story in this collection is, of course, the running story of how the German seaman, Richard Krebs, became the American writer, Jan Valtin, in his three years in San Quentin Prison. This is a story with a curiously dual content for on the one hand Mr. Krebs or Valtin, tells of an inferno of sorts filled with brutality, homosexuality, and occasional murder and on the other of a place where he was given more assistance than most university students find in the study and exercise of the American idiom.

The paradox is understandable in some degree for the whole great sum of English language and letters, encountered in intelligent maturity, has made many men encounter blood, sweat, and tears with fortitude. As a seaman slightly obsessed by the "proletariat" Mr. Valtin went straight for the works of Jack London and Joseph Conrad to form his English language habit, and the virtues of those two writers are impressed on Mr. Valtin's style in a reasonable number of economical and vigorous paragraphs. Unfortunately, some of London's auctorial self-consciousness, self-dramatizing, and vehemence are also represented.

The facts of Valtin's career are known to everyone—if they are known to anyone. It is obvious that when he was taken to prison for what he terms a faked assault he must have had some substantial background in English to have written for the prison *Bulletin* as soon and as regularly as he did. This is indicated, too, by the fact that his remarkably few lapses from purist English are one hundred per cent American—"hung" for "hanged," etc. There is no indication of translation from German thought or form in the book; if Mr. Valtin were to choose to claim that he was born in Omaha there is no suggestion in this text that he was not.

The sketches and impressions which make up most of the book are, as the author says, learner's pieces, and do not pretend to the structure and content of completed forms of writing. "Juanita," at the end of the book, was one of the author's first attempts at plot. It is the story of a sailor whose unfaithful mistress asks him for a live shark as the price of her return to him. It suggests that Mr. Valtin will have a great deal of good writing left in him when he finishes his unperfumed memoirs.



Jan Valtin

The Spirited Age

RIVER LADY. By Houston Branch and Frank Waters. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1942. 374 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

AS background for their story Messrs. Branch and Waters have chosen one of the most colorful slices of American history: the lumberjacking, steamboat-on-the-Mississippi era, just after the Civil War. For that brief space between the end of war and the beginning of railroad monopoly a certain wild and irresistible spirit swept up and down that whole river basin from north to south, devouring timber and pursuing unbridled appetites with equal voracity, perhaps the frontier's last fling. Such is the real life of the novel, in boom towns, lumber camps, steamboats, and brothels, in brawls and log jams and burling contests. The writers have taken considerable pains with their material, so that along with the narrative we are aware of industrial ebb and flow, and watch the decline of free river lumbering as the railroads begin to muscle in. Too bad, then, that the narrative itself isn't as good as the background. It's the old story about the big he-man lumber boss and the beautiful river lady with the heart of gold. There is also the young girl who braves the sinful den, unscathed, to get her man, and there are the extras, the bearded, rough-pawed lumberjacks with great printable oaths, the dance-hall girls, golden-hearted all. There must have been, still are, such lumberman and girls, but why have they been squeezed into their formula composed of pure corn, when the reality is in all likelihood twice as good? It will make another movie, of course; set down Mr. Gable for the role of Dan Cardan; the other roles are open.

Of Men and Music

FULL SCORE. By Frank Baker. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 344 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

FRANK BAKER'S first book was an ingenious and very amusing fantasy, "Miss Hargreaves." His second novel is serious and down-to-earth, with only an occasional glow of humor. "Full Score" is the story of an aged but almost unknown musical genius, Harrison Bate, whose work and memory two devoted admirers try to save from oblivion. Out of sympathy with his times, Bate loathes the "new music" and its atonality and carries on the full-blooded tradition of Beethoven and Brahms. Into the modest home of the Beckers in a dullish industrial town in the west of England comes as a lodger this aged genius who struggles to complete his *Allanayr Symphony* before approaching death catches up with him. Bate is rude, dirty, noisy, ungrateful, almost as unbearable as Strickland in "The Moon and Sixpence"; but he has his moments of warmth and wild and gay humanity, which make him tolerable. Into the household comes also his amanuensis, Michael Fallen, a devoted pupil who devotes his life to serving Bate. Young Fallen genuinely loves music, but otherwise he is a clammy prig with incredibly bad manners.

The two musicians are perverse catalysts in the hitherto peaceful home of the Beckers, creating misunderstanding and disunion in the closely-knit family. The time is 1938-1939, and both the story and Becker family are depressed by the ominous aggressions of the dictatorships—those depredations the French referred to with such charming and pathetic understatement as "The Events." In spite of the awful background, the author succeeds in interesting us both in minor family crises and in the eternal importance of music. It is difficult to think of a more readable novel about music which has appeared since George Moore's "Evelyn Innes" of forty-four years ago. "Full Score," however, keeps its human interest first, and the narrative is never drowned out by music as "Evelyn Innes" is at times. It is an interesting account of the impact of a creative and of a critical genius on an ordinary family, and of the sharp readjustments that are made on all sides.

Except for some tiresome, brief passages of mystical discussion and a near-banal ending that smacks of Grade B cinema, the novel is sound and shrewd, and the writing is satisfying and unhurried.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo Finish

VICTORY IN THE DUST. By Arthur Phillips. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1942. 348 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THOUGH the essentials of this story could have been set in many places its action never gets far from the racetrack. The central character of the book is Dixie, a boy from a Southern farm whose love for horses has made him set his heart upon being a jockey. The man who is to give him a chance is the gangster boss of a corrupt racetrack town. Dixie knows something about his boss but he is too naive to get the implications of what it is to be a gangster boss till one of his best friends, a trainer, is taken for a ride for knowing too much about the crippling of a horse and refusing to condone it. Even then, Dixie cannot quite connect the owner of his stables with the murderer of his friend emotionally, and prepares to ride for the man. This is prevented by Dixie's oldest friend, who knows that the horse has been "nerved" and will fall in the race, at the cost of his life.

Dixie has fallen in love with a clean, bright young waitress, who has both her human and economic evaluations well in hand. A wealthy nymphomaniac has fallen in love with Dixie, and the little waitress's struggle to save the boy from both the woman and the horses furnishes the main conflict of the book.

After old Irish's death for Dixie the boy rides for the gangster's political enemy, who wants to clean up the city. He wins, but it is not a Horatio Alger victory, for the race is excellently described in the reflections and observations of the defeated and cynical owners, who are already hopelessly defeated in their principal intentions and don't care much how the race comes out. The final clever bit of cynicism is in the fact that the three observers who are most interested in Dixie, the waitress, the nymphomaniac, and the owner of Dixie's horse, are the three persons who are also most interested in seeing the boy leave the racing game. The victory confirms Dixie in his determination to be a jockey.

Mr. Phillips has taken materials that might easily have descended into the pattern of conventional melodrama and with a good deal of insight and realism fitted out a swift and credible novel. The consistency of Dixie's clipped dialogue—clipped because he is certain that he doesn't know enough to have a right to say much—is a neat tour de force in itself.

Arthur Phillips

Beggars of Life

BIDDY BROGAN'S BOY. By Jim Tully. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by S. L. PHILLIPS

THE Romans apparently invented the words which derive from "proletarian." Scientifically it means the scum, or the dregs, if one chooses, of the biological processes which produce human beings. In these late years "proletarian" has been indefensibly extended to mean things like "worker" and "economically underprivileged persons." These terms are themselves subject to reasonable redefinition, but "proletariat," used strictly, should mean to the modern American, as it meant to the Romans, and the French who picked the term up, those socially useless and dangerous persons, beggars and criminals who consort with thieves, hoboes, lewd women and men, too much liquor and too much liquorish philosophizing.

Mr. Tully chooses to write of an Irish chap who has spiritual instruction from an ancient and intoxicated Irishman. Mrs. Brogan's boy's soul is lifted by Keats and the equally conventional prostitute with a heart of gold. He bums his way on railroads, picks up pocket money at pugilism, and becomes a great writer. His sister establishes a boarding house for proletarians without benefit of fumigation and dies in the last sentence still in need of a reference to any preceding plot.

Beggars of life usually have a hereditary assignment to their work. Their story is not usually the legitimate picaresque; it is more likely to be merely sordid.

King's Bastardeigne

NO COMMON GLORY. By David Pilgrim. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 442 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

HISTORIANS have not agreed concerning the reality of James Stuart, alias James de la Cloche, the vestiges of whose career are certainly so indistinct as to raise doubts in most reasonable minds. Mr. Pilgrim, who as a novelist can dispense with all documentation, proves that if James de la Cloche did not exist in life he can nevertheless give the semblance of authenticity to a tale that reads like history.

The mysterious figure whose fictitious biography Mr. Pilgrim presents was the eldest of the illegitimate brood fathered by Charles II, the result of a somewhat casual amour when Charles was only seventeen and a refugee on the island of Jersey. The mother was one of the Carterets, devoted loyalists who denied nothing to the majesty of the Stuarts. The child is brought up in orthodox rural surroundings, until at the Restoration proper steps are taken for his education, a peculiar education which is to fit him for the work of a special agent in whom, for family reasons, the King can put every confidence. He is trained among the Jesuits at Clermont, and, after a short and almost fatal period at Versailles, he proceeds via Jersey to London where, for the first time, he hears the truth not only concerning his paternity but also concerning the importance of his future. Here, unfortunately, the book ends, with the hero expectantly entering upon the exciting duties of confidential messenger to Louis XIV. Never was sequel more necessary. Happily, the publishers promise that one is forthcoming.

If the most glamorous deeds of James de la Cloche, both diplomatic and amatory (and for the latter he has shown a not unnatural aptitude), are reserved for a second volume, that does not mean that there is any dullness in this one. Mr. Pilgrim's is an adroit hand at historical *pastiche*. He misses no opportunity for the dramatic scene even in his hero's youth. He keeps the background in spotless order, whether it be Jersey or France or England. He warms to the struggle, obviously to be developed later, between Protestantism and Catholicism in the personality of Charles. It is a completely captivating book, rapid and smooth and disarmingly unpedantic; but, if promise means anything, it will be the next volume, when James de la Cloche really gets under way, that will make Dumas look to his laurels.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The story of a hell-fire and brimstone preacher who ran a farm as if he were fighting the devil

Old McDonald Had a Farm

BY ANGUS McDONALD

☛ "Here is the real thing . . . Exceptionally well done, and the story it tells, now of all times, is eminently worth telling." — *New York Herald Tribune*

$2.75

A stone age paradise in New Guinea, where men only killed one another occasionally, and then no more than they could eat

The House in the Rain Forest

BY CHARIS CROCKETT

☛ "Jammed with good descriptive writing, excellent anthropology and real humor." — *Earnest Hooton*, in the introduction. "I agree." — *Lewis Gannett*

$3.00

A present-day novel of one of the eeriest and least known sections of the U. S. A.

In the Forests of the Night

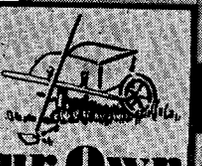
BY KENNETH S. DAVIS

☛ "Mr. Davis knows his wilderness and his wilderness men." — *Lewis Gannett*

"Marked by a sense of what writing really is." — *Clifton Fadiman*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

BY PAUL W. DEMPSEY.



Grow Your Own Vegetables

Practical backyard gardens will help to win the war.

"One of the most valuable and, without question, the most comprehensive books ever published on this subject, for both the amateur and the expert gardener." — *Boston Herald*

$2.00

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sherwood Anderson at His Best

A Small Town Street . . . Through the Corn . . . Ohio Pagans . . . Horses, Bicycles and Men . . . Chicago . . . Money! Money! . . . I Court A Rich Girl . . . We Little Children of the Arts . . . The Death of Mrs. Folger . . . The Conquering Male . . . Waiting for Ben Huebsch . . . I Write Too Much of Queer People . . . Old Mary, the Dogs, and Theda Bara . . . New York, the 20's . . . Dreiser's Party . . . Meeting Horace Liveright . . . The Death of Lawrence . . . Writers Sweet and Sour . . . Mexican Night . . . Dinner in Thessaly . . . God Bless the Americas.

You can see by these chapter heads picked at random from SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S MEMOIRS that his book is not an orthodox literary autobiography. It is much more than a catalog of great names and important events. It is a direct personal testament of Anderson's understanding of America. Full of fresh, new, and wind-clean material, it is Sherwood Anderson at his best. $3.75

Sherwood Anderson's Memoirs

The story of a woman ardently loved and valiantly contested...

Margaret Irwin's THE GAY GALLIARD

The Love Story of Mary Queen of Scots

"As the pattern of her tale unfolds in all its glamour of bloodshed, treachery, passion, wild rides by night and heartbreak, there steals through it the unmistakable savor of a past which was once so terribly alive."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books* $3.00

Beverley Nichols

has written a collection of more or less autobiographical stories, ranging in scene from Mexico to Germany to the Riviera, which explain what happened to pacifist theories when they were put to the test.

"Dramatic, convincing . . . all are fascinating."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer* $2.50

MEN DO NOT WEEP

MY UNCLE DUDLEY

by Wright Morris

An American Odyssey from Los Angeles to Mississippi, in an ancient Marmon bought for fifty dollars, with a crew of assorted bums and worthies. "With a load like that, anything can happen and nearly everything does. MY UNCLE DUDLEY is worth looking into."—*New York Herald Tribune Books* $2.50

HARCOU
383 MAD
NEW YO

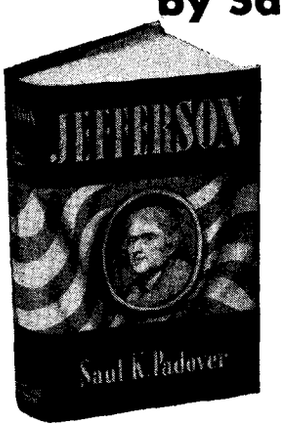
William Beebe's BOOK OF BA

"Whether Dr. Beebe was ashore, in the mou locomoting on his breastbone around the tida of those descents in the bathysphere which i jitters even to read about in my warm, safe b suade us that nothing is so interesting or s whatever he happens to be doing at the tin *Peattie, Saturday Review of Literature* W

A New and Complete Bi

JEFFERS(

by Saul K. Pado



The emphasis of thi son, the democratic Yet Dr. Padover h lesser known humai the father, husband, is a complete biograj with a sense of the man who best pers hope that built this hope which must no

by

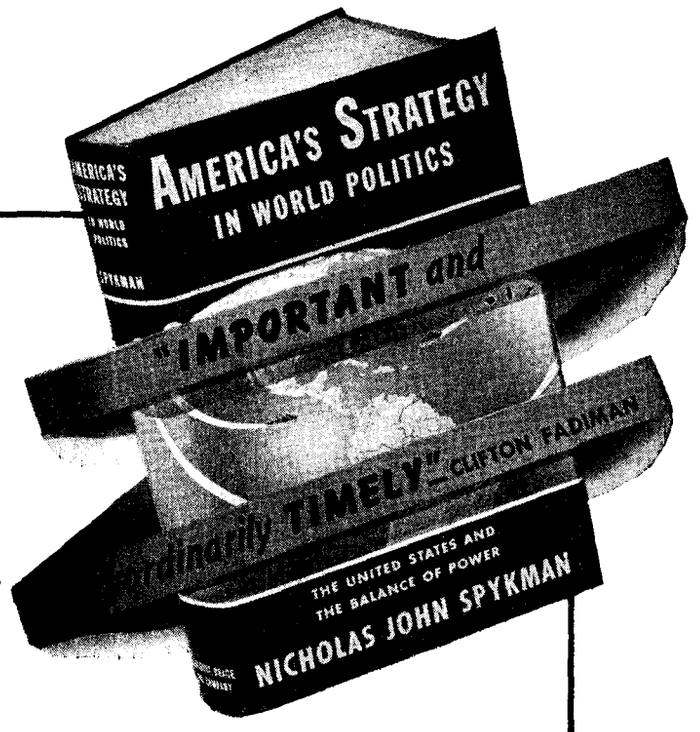
GEORGE PALMER

The unconventional memoir of a publisher wh armchair theory of book publishing. He mad of the margins of the world by publishing spirits as Rockwell Kent, William Beebe, I Chapman Andrews, Charles A. Lindbergh, an

A book rich in the literary anecdote and pe two decades.

WIDE MARGI

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Brilliant, incisive, provocative, well reasoned, well written, and altogether admirable as an analysis of American foreign policy. It deals with enduring realities of politics and geography which Americans can continue to ignore only at enormous peril to their future." — *Frederick L. Schuman, Saturday Review of Literature*

AMERICA'S STRATEGY IN WORLD POLITICS

by Nicholas J. Spykman

Two-color maps and end papers. $3.75

TOTAL VICTORY

by Stephen King-Hall

Preparation for a Total Peace

A plan for using propaganda as a weapon to supplement military tactics. "It should be made required reading."—*Harry Elmer Barnes* $2.00

THE LOST PEACE

by Harold Butler

Former Director, International Labor Office

"The nature of Mr. Butler's duties at Geneva gave him peculiar competence to analyze the factors working both for and against the establishment of a settled world order."—*Felix Morley in his introduction* $2.75

AMERICA ORGANIZES TO WIN THE WAR

Eighteen specialists prominent in their field have written chapters for this Handbook of the American War Effort, describing how we are organizing the army, navy, air force, farmers, industry, labor, finance, censorship, psychological warfare, morale, science, health, young people, artists and writers. The book includes chapters by Henry Steele Commager, Frederick L. Schuman, Max Lerner, Claude R. Wickard, Alvin E. Dodd, John Chamberlain, David Cushman Coyle, Waldemar Kaempffert, Paul de Kruif, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Henry A. Wallace, and excerpts from the speeches of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. $2.00

AWAKE! AND OTHER WARTIME POEMS

by W. R. RODGERS

"W. R. Rodgers is undoubtedly a writer of real distinction. The appearance of a poet who has a command of words, an individual technique, and a capacity to say what he means, is a literary event. There are genuine and memorable experiences in this book." — *Stephen Spender, The Nation* $1.50

Louis Untermeyer's

Famous Anthologies

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY.. $3.75

MODERN BRITISH POETRY $3.50

COMBINED EDITION..... $4.75

Brought up to date to include the latest and most experimental poets of the last decade. The invaluable biographies have also been extended. The notes which introduce each group of poems have been amplified and largely rewritten. All three issued in new formats with new jackets.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democracy and Privilege

STRATEGY FOR DEMOCRACY. By J. Donald Kingsley and David W. Petegorsky. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1942. 342 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROGER N. BALDWIN

OF all the books attempting to blueprint the future of democracy this study by two youthful teachers associated with Antioch College belongs among the most provocative and inclusive. Although it was written before America's entry into the war, a postscript after Pearl Harbor correctly states that the war has changed nothing of its significance. Indeed, it has added to it, for it demonstrates the enormous tasks and the even greater obstacles involved in the triumph of the democratic principle internationally and at home.

The title would appear to offer not only a program but the mechanics of achieving it. Unhappily it does not. And the authors themselves confess that it is "a little puzzling as to how this is to be done." For they admit that "the reactionary forces at the moment command the field." The best answer the authors give is that the job can be done "only through the strengthening of the progressive forces, admittedly weak,"—and that the situation is "far from hopeless."

Yet despite the lack of precision in means, the authors are very positive as to goals, and hard-headed in analyzing and presenting them. While it cannot be said that they offer new ideas, they have created a convincing synthesis of all the good ones, and applied them in unified fashion to the American scene. No single volume has before attempted to do that.

Both Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Petegorsky were former students at the London School of Economics, where the influence of Professor Harold Laski evidently dominated their thinking. Laski's theses run through the book though happily not his concept of "revolution by consent"; even the style is reminiscent of Laski's logical sequences and of his brand of Marxist analysis. But the study has a freshness wholly apart from reminiscences of Laski's teaching, since it grew out of what evidently were very searching discussions at an Antioch conference on Progressive Action and Post-War Reconstruction in 1941. Five of the chapters not written by the authors were the contributions of distinguished authorities to that conference—Pierre Cot, Max Werner, Albert Guèrard, Oscar I. Janowsky, and Mordecai Ezekiel. These five chapters, comprising a small portion of the book, while useful contributions, are far less important than the main discussion. The material is necessarily repetitive in spots, but it is so arranged that sequence is not broken.

The authors' essential thesis is that democracy to be effective must achieve the destruction of all forms of privilege, out of which fascism springs; and that the war and peace can be won only by revolutionary changes in our democratic order. Vested interests must be side-tracked and democratic power consolidated behind positive aims in order to win the war simultaneously on the international and home fronts. For the authors see in the war the crisis of an economic system which gives the war the character of a revolution against "fascism" at home as well as abroad. The goals of international unity and of democratic socialism at home cannot be achieved unless the democratic forces of the world unite to create the morale that will win the peace. "The major tasks of the builders of the new society will be," they say, "to develop political forms that really give expression to the interdependence of all nations; to establish economic relationships that will liberate our potentialities from the strait-jackets of privilege and class interest by which they have been bound; to make certain that those forms and relationships will operate to give fullest substance to the concepts of democracy and freedom." Their case rests essentially upon the proposition that "what we do now will in large degree determine what we do later. To the extent that present measures and practices serve further to entrench the vested interests of special privilege, the final triumph of the democratic cause will be impeded."

It will be objected that "Strategy for Democracy" is an impossible counsel in war-time, destructive of unity; that we cannot at the same time right the enemy and conduct a democratic revolution. But events on the democratic side already demonstrate that the conditions necessary for winning the war and making a democratic peace can be achieved only by a dynamic more powerful than anything the Axis has to offer. We can beat fascism not by the ideal of maintaining democracy, but only by the enthusiasm of forces strong enough to push the democratic principle to its logical ends.

We have the honor to announce that

EUDORA WELTY

author of

A CURTAIN OF GREEN

is the recipient of a Guggenheim Award

Miss Welty has won high critical acclaim for A CURTAIN OF GREEN. *Marianne Hauser* said, in the *N. Y. Times Book Review:* "Few contemporary books have impressed me as deeply." *Kay Boyle* wrote: "We are, in A CURTAIN OF GREEN, brought face to face with one of the most gifted and interesting short story writers of our time." Don't miss this entertaining book of stories. Introduction by Katherine Anne Porter. $2.50

☞ *We are looking forward to the new book on which Miss Welty is working under her Guggenheim Award and which we plan to publish in the Spring of 1943.*

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Over 500 pages of the greatest ghost stories ever written

"A pale blue eye with a film over it."

"From the room came the long-drawn howl of a wolf."

"I kept still and watched the moonlight on that undulating wallpaper."

"A small piece of dark fluff blowing in the draft."

"I glanced down at the altar beneath me . . . and there . . ."

THE above random lines are but a few of the spine-chilling moments awaiting you in THE MIDNIGHT READER, an anthology of ghost stories selected solely on their power to induce a physical reaction in the reader. *It's one of the most hair-raising books ever published!*

THE MIDNIGHT READER

Great Stories of Haunting and Horror

Edited and with an Introduction by

PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THE top-notch ghost and horror stories in English by authors whose names are a literary roll of honor: *Henry James, Rudyard Kipling, Edith Wharton, Hugh Walpole, Algernon Blackwood, Edgar Allen Poe, F. Marion Crawford, Alexander Woollcott, Oliver Onions,* and many others. There is also a true story by *Louis Adamic,* which you will agree belongs with the horror classics. $2.75, at all book stores.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, N.Y.

Villainous Hero

CESARE BORGIA: THE MACHIAVELLIAN PRINCE. By Carlo Beuf. New York: Oxford University Press. 1942. 398 pp., with index. $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

COUNT Carlo Beuf has written a remarkable book, a book from which it is actually possible for a twentieth-century reader to learn what the Borgias were really like. Around that family there has accumulated an immense amount of misinformation, legend, distorted rumor, and plain melodramatic exaggeration. Assassination, poisonings, incest follow one another in a sort of grotesque rondo that even Hollywood would hardly dare touch. Now and then a historian or a biographer—Pastor, for instance, or even Sabatini—comes to the defense of Cesare or his father, and points out that not every misdeed attributed to a Borgia has been proven. There is in the professional learned journals a great deal of accurate research on Italian history of the period, but like all such work, it rarely gets out to the public. Count Carlo Beuf has done an admirable service in bringing to bear on this study of Cesare a wide and thorough knowledge of what has been accumulated about the Borgias and their times, a balanced judgment, and a gift for clear, rapid, and colorful prose. He is sensible without being dull, dispassionate without lacking feeling and imagination—a rare combination, and a most valuable one for a biographer of Cesare Borgia.

These qualities appear early in the narrative, and carry through to the end. Count Carlo Beuf is quite willing to consider the possibility that Cesare may not have been the son of Alexander VI. He marshals carefully what evidence is available, and leaves the reader free to choose. Similarly with one of the classical problems of Cesare's life, the question as to whether he was responsible for the murder of his elder brother (or half-brother) the Duke of Gandia, the author does a remarkably judicial job with evidence which is mostly psychological and quite inconclusive. Here he inclines to believe that the murder may well have been instigated by Cesare. And on the relations between Cesare and his sister (or half-sister) Lucrezia, a subject which more than any other in Cesare's life has attracted the gossip-monger and the amateur psychologist, Count Carlo Beuf keeps up his high standards of judgment.

Not only as to the character and deeds of its protagonists, but also as to the history of Italy in a troubled and decisive period, this book is a trustworthy and readable guide.

"Criticism that is poetry and life."

THE Private Reader

By MARK VAN DOREN

THESE 416 pages of the best of Mark Van Doren's critical writing in the past twenty years — about men, books, poetry, and even movies — have the wisdom, simplicity and understanding so stimulating on his radio program, *Invitation to Learning.*

"This is a book of criticism, often extraordinarily good, by a quiet and luminous intelligence. Yet it also renounces criticism as we know it now in America, and to see how a mind like Mark Van Doren's can give that renunciation the character of an affirmation is to find a new joy in criticism and a fresh understanding of what it can give us in this hour . . . There is bite everywhere in these notes and essays, and the suggestion of an inexhaustible shrewdness." — ALFRED KAZIN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books*

$2.75, HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

Hazlitt's False Death

TWO great English essayists, Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt, were close friends. Lamb was famous for sometimes crude high spirits in spite of a semi-tragic life. As a practical joke he once spread a report that Hazlitt had committed suicide. Considerably taken aback, but dissembling the fact, the latter replied with a "humble petition and remonstrance of William Hazlitt, showing that he is not dead," of which the following is an extract:

> that he, the said W. Hazlitt, has regularly for the last month rang the bell at eleven at night, which was considered as a sign for the girl to warm his bed, & this being done, he has gone to bed, & slept soundly for the next twelve or fourteen hours. Secondly, that every day about twelve or 1 o'clock he has got up, put on his clothes, drank his tea, & eat two platefulls of buttered toast, of which he had taken care to have the hard edges pared off as hurtful to the mouth & gums, & that he has then sat for some hours with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fire, like a person in a state of deep thought, but doing nothing . . . Also, that he has twice attempted to read some of his own works, but has fallen asleep over them . . . It should also be especially noted that within the last three weeks he has borrowed money of his friends, which was at all times his constant custom.

Deliberate

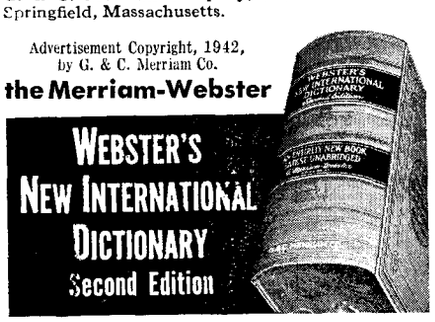
actually means
"weighed in the scales"

A *DELIBERATE* decision is one based upon a weighing of the facts and arguments involved—and that is the literal meaning of the word *deliberate*. It is derived from the Latin *deliberatus*, formed from the verb *deliberare*, which is a combination of *de*, a prefix denoting "down," and hence "completely," and *librare*, "to weigh." *Librare* comes from *libra*, "a balance or pair of scales."

This is one of the thousands of interesting word origins given in the unabridged Merriam-Webster, WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, Second Edition. This great reference book provides a wealth of general information. It contains 600,000 entries—122,000 *more entries* than any other dictionary. 12,000 terms illustrated; 3,350 pages. *WARNING:* The only genuine Webster is the MERRIAM-Webster. Look for the Merriam-Webster name and circular trade-mark on the cover. Ask your bookdealer to show it to you. Write for free illustrated booklet of interesting word origins to G. & C. Merriam Company, 928 Federal Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Advertisement Copyright, 1942, by G. & C. Merriam Co.

the Merriam-Webster



How It Strikes a Contemporary

Inasmuch as the following concerns a book now regarded as one of the classics of European, and indeed of world, literature, it is somewhat paralyzing to read in the "Letters to an Incognita" of the French Academician, Prosper Mérimée, the following entry:

> Cannes, January, 1863.—I have received the last novel by M. Gustave Flaubert, the author of "Madame Bovary," which I believe you have read, though you will not confess it. The new romance is "Salammbo," a crazy production; but the writer has talent which he fritters away under the pretext of realism.

The Case of Caxton

It is strange to realize that the book first printed in the English language was not printed in England. In 1471 it came from a foreign press in Cologne. It was a translation of the "Recuyel of the Historyes of Troye" by Raoul le Févre," and it was at the same Cologne press that Caxton was initiated into the art of printing. At first he was but dubious of the success of the contrivance, and few commentators of the time seemed to notice it then. Caxton brought home with him from abroad, among others, two European printers whose names are now familiar to all booklovers, Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson. They lived in his house and became his successors after his death.

Power of the Poet's Word

Two names famous in English poetry are those of the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. The former composed the first sonnets in the English language and also invented the first heroic blank verse. It is said of Wyatt, who was a wit, that he produced three great revolutions in England by three separate and casual remarks made in lighter vein. First, when at one time waiting upon King Henry VIII, he told him a comic story of curs baiting a butcher's dog, tangentially referring thereby to Cardinal Wolsey, as the butcher's son of Ipswich. This suggested a course of action to the King and brought about Wolsey's downfall. Second, when the king had grown very angry at the delay of his divorce, Wyatt broadly hinted, "Lord! that a man cannot repent of his sin but by the Pope's leave!"—which is said to have hastened the Reformation. Third, and last, as bluff King Hal was contemplating sudden seizure of the abbey lands, Wyatt satirically advised the division of such lands among the nobility and gentry by exclaiming, "Butter the rooks' nests!"

Knaves into Lords

John Gower, whom Chaucer acknowledged as his master in English poetry, lived in the time of Richard the Second, at the end of the fourteenth century, and satirized courts and courtiers. Nearly three centuries later, King Charles the First, upon a visit to the Marquess of Worcester at Ragland Castle, found a book of Gower's lying open on a table. The Marquess declared it to be the "book of books!" Asked then by the King to point out some particularly cogent passage, the noble read:

> A king can kill, a king can save;
> A king can make a lord a knave;
> And of a knave, a lord also.

At this point certain newly-made lords were discovered rapidly scuttling from the room; and the king cried, laughing, "My lord, at this rate you will drive away all my nobility!"

Gorgeous Lies

No one need advocate lying, particularly in a day when the European dictators have so usurped that privilege; but the great Sir Francis Bacon had this to say about it in his essay, "Of Truth":

> A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves.

And who indeed would dispense with the magnificent fabrications of Sir John Maundeville, Benvenuto Cellini, or Baron Munchausen—or, indeed, concerning our own Paul Bunyan and others?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Letters

LIVING LETTERS FROM AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by Francis Boykin. Garden City: Halcyon House. 1942. 376 *pp.* $1.98.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

WANDERING several years ago through the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress, Mr. Boykin was fascinated by two letters: André's appeal to Washington that as a British officer and man of honor, he might die before a firing-squad and not "on a gibbet," and General James Varnum's letter to Washington from Valley Forge declaring that the troops were starving —for three days had been without bread, for two days without meat. These letters had a poignancy not encountered in formal history. Mr. Boykin began to wonder if many others like them, expressive of the strongest emotions of historic personages, might not be found. He began a long hunt for earnest and vivid utterances, looking through libraries of printed books and through manuscript collections. The result is here before us in a collection which begins with Washington, Abigail Adams, and Franklin, and which ends with Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. They include, as the editor writes, "letters rich in drama, letters of sacrifice, letters of patriotism, letters of courage and despair, letters of treachery, letters from the scaffold, letters from the battlefields, letters of victory and defeat, letters breathing the American spirit of liberty and independence, letters . . . rich in the tradition of America."

The value of a book like this must depend, first, upon the possession of some guiding plan or theme, and second, upon the freshness or originality of its contents. Mr. Boykin's collection deserves praise on both accounts. He has not chosen letters from the enormous store available simply because they were written by illustrious men and women, or because they relate to famous events. He has required of each letter a high emotional content, the expression of deeply-aroused feeling; they must be "living" letters. This brings in such documents as John Adams's account of how the Declaration of Independence was written, Andrew Jackson's letter to Joel Poinsett on the suppression of Calhoun's "treason and rebellion" in South Carolina, and Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby; but the test excludes the cold and polished epistles of Henry Adams. Mr. Boykin has contrived to touch American history at a great number of points where it kindled the feelings of actors to incandescence. Jefferson complaining to

Napoleon's Invasion of Russia—1812

By EUGENE TARLÉ

". . . perhaps no better idea of what is now taking place can be given than may be had from a perusal of this volume, a book of captivating interest. It abounds in colorful descriptions, striking scenes."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Endpaper maps. $3.50

Directions in Contemporary Literature

By PHILO BUCK, Jr.

A study of the contemporary mind as it is revealed in the literature of Santayana, André Gide, Proust, O'Neill, Huxley, Romains, Hitler, Sholokhov, Thomas Mann, etc. $3.00

Housman, 1897-1936

By GRANT RICHARDS

This is an account of a forty years' friendship and business relationship. Mr. Richards published *A Shropshire Lad, Last Poems.* Illus. $4.00

The Dickens World

By HUMPHRY HOUSE

"The most important contribution to Dickensian scholarship for at least a decade, this survey is not of the world created by his novels, but of that in which his novels were written."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."* $3.00

The Alert

By WILFRED GIBSON

In these new poems by this established poet his always effective style is applied to poignant incidents of death and suffering. $1.00

Cesare Borgia

By CARLO BEUF

". . . readable and stimulating volume . . . his fresh reinterpretation makes a real contribution to our feeling for and knowledge of that era."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.50

Oxford Companion to American Literature

By JAMES D. HART. Here is a complete reference library for American literature in one handy, authoritative volume, designed for the general reader and the student. $5.00

Oxford Dictionary of Quotations

Here are all the quotations you've always wanted. An indispensable book for reference and a grand book for browsing. Introduction by Carl Van Doren. $5.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS • 114 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington of Hamilton's machinations and charges; Meriwether Lewis thankfully reporting his safe return from the great expeditions; Monroe consulting Jefferson about his attitude toward Canning and the Holy Alliance; Andrew Jackson flying wrathfully to the defense of Peggy Eaton; John Brown writing his last letter to his family; and so on till we reach Walter Hines Page describing German barbarism and British fortitude.

As for originality, Mr. Boykin tells us that he thinks about thirty per cent of his material has never been published before. It is certain that he has included valuable letters which hitherto existed only in manuscript. An example is the epistle of James Lawrence, just before he took the *Chesapeake* out to her disastrous encounter with the *Shannon,* to the Secretary of the Navy. "My crew appears to be in fine spirits and I trust will do their duty," he writes. Other letters are taken from little-known printed sources. It is safe to say that any expert on American history will find here a good many papers that he never met before. And if part of the volume is familiar enough, there is always a pleasure in rereading such spirited letters as that of Washington to Nikola, or John Adams to Abigail just after entering the Presidency, or Colonel Travis from the Alamo to the people of Texas—this last called by Mr. Boykin, with some justice, "the most heroic letter in American history."

It remains only to add that Mr. Boykin has executed his editorial duties with care. Every letter or group of letters is prefaced by an introduction which gives the historical setting; and these brief editorial interpolations are accurate and intelligent. This is the kind of book that makes history real, and it cannot have too wide a circulation.

Regional Costumes

CARL P. ROLLINS

THE United States and Canada are noticeably deficient in colorful, dramatic regional costumes. The Puritan dress, the Quaker plain clothes, some pre-Civil War styles, were becoming and distinctive; today the Mennonites and the Dude Ranch cowboys alone retain something of the picturesque. But on the whole our national costume is uninspired, and in its rapid change of styles, ridiculous. Such a riot of color and pattern and form as we see in *Les Costumes Régionaux de la France* can be found only in a country where regimentation has not triumphed over local customs. It may be that only the emphasis has shifted, for women's sport clothes such as the ski outfits, indicate an interest in vocational costumes. If, as Eric Gill asserts, "clothes are for dignity and adornment," the two North American nations have little of either.

South of the Rio Grande things are different. There primitive Indian art and the Spanish tradition have maintained in the Mexican provinces costumes of beauty and individuality. Those who are familiar with these native habiliments will have memories quickened, those who are not will find delight in a recent portfolio of "Mexican Costume: Twenty-five color plates and text," by Carlos Mérida. The plates show at least two figures each, of men's and women's garments, and sometimes a child's dress. The figures are about ten inches high—large enough for adequate demonstration.

The posing and grouping of the two or more figures on each plate are natural and vigorous, making interesting pictures in themselves. Faithful as they are to their originals, there is about these pictures a poetic quality extremely rare in costume books, a suggestion of the human, passionate beings under the gay trappings. Mérida has made no allowance for fading and soiling which must inevitably take place with the use of such brilliantly colored garments, and it is probable that the color has been heightened somewhat above what one would see in Mexico, but the colors are presumably about what the native dyer would like to obtain; and if the dyer's work fades into something less agreeable than the artist's colors it is because the synthetic dyes of commerce fade less gracefully than the natural ones. But this stylization is not deception, and the details are accurate.

The reproductions are as superb as the costumes and the paintings. The plates are produced by applying the colors through silk screen stencils by hand, from eight to twenty-two stencils being used on each plate. As a direct result of this method the pigment leaves a slightly raised surface on the paper, giving a sculptural effect which greatly enhances the pictorial value. No other method could give quite so satisfactory a result, because any printing process tends to depress the color areas or leave the ink flat on the surface. Accompanying the plates is a sixteen page pamphlet describing them in some detail, and the whole is enclosed in a portfolio with a simple stencilled block of lettering.

This is without doubt one of the handsomest publications of recent years both in matter and manner, a well-nigh perfect thing of its kind. It reflects great credit on both artist and publisher and at the remarkably low price of eighteen dollars it may, with more truth than usual, be said that no one interested in Mexican costumes can afford to be without it.

A costume book of another sort, but equally successful in its own field and its own manner is Miss Roediger's "Ceremonial Costumes of the Pueblo Indians." Mérida's plates are the artist's reflection of the civil costumes of a nation of mixed blood, while Miss Roediger's book is a scholar-craftsman's accurate record in word and picture of a particular and peculiar racial group in its religious drama. The author is interested primarily in the theater. She studied at the Yale Drama School, and the present book was a doctor's thesis. It is therefore fitting that it should now appear with

The First Novel that is an Exciting Event!

THE FOREIGNERS

By Preston Schoyer

A sensitive, unflinching and dramatic novel of a community of Americans and British near Changsha and Yale-in-China. "An exciting event. Schoyer handles with great brilliance his theme of the impact of the China War on a treaty port and on the aliens rooted there. His heroine Meilan is among the very few credible Chinese women in our literature."—*Edgar Snow.*
Third Printing. $3.00

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

propitiatory prefaces by Professor Nicoll, and Mr. F. W. Hodge of the Southwestern Museum at Los Angeles. But the book needs no artificial stimulus. It stands squarely on its own feet. For it is not only a scholar's thesis, but also a record of extensive field work among the Pueblos.

The twenty-six Pueblos lie in Arizona and New Mexico and are the homes of "the most interesting of all North American Indian communities." They have been here for as long as the Christian era. To the casual view, in the hot, clear air of a New Mexico summer day, the Pueblos and their inhabitants are not prepossessing, but their artifacts and their culture have had a strong attraction for archaeologists and ethnologists. Miss Roediger has summarized much of this knowledge in the first part of her book, which deals with the history and present life of these Indians. With that groundwork laid, the remaining three parts take up the ceremonial costume materials and their significance, analyze the various parts of the Indian costumes, and finally consider the costumes in relation to the prayer drama.

The book is a readable treatise on a subject not primarily interesting, at least to this reviewer, and a good part of its fascination is in the pictorial material so generously supplied. Miss Roediger has studied costume design, and she is a very clever draughtsman, and her pictures show dramatic appreciation of the Pueblo Indian costumes as well as her skill in delineation. There are twenty-five line drawings in the text, and forty plates in colors. Head-dresses, blankets, masks, all the vestments and appurtenances, are most meticulously illustrated, and as carefully reproduced.

The two books are interesting to compare. Miss Roediger's is printed from rubber plates cut by hand—an unusual and delicate process—on a regular printing press. The figures do not appear in relief, but are beautiful in execution and accurate in reporting. More than Mérida she has kept the infinite detail of costume. His plates, however, are more strikingly decorative and imaginative, freed as he was from the kind of definite obligation under which Miss Roediger worked. The two volumes are both interesting and important, since they represent a high level of technical execution. Nothing comparable to them has appeared for many years, and not the least of their virtues is their technical excellence.

MEXICAN COSTUME: Twenty-five colorplates and text. By Carlos Merida. With a note by René d'Harnoncourt. Chicago: Pocahontas Press. 1941. 1,000 copies. $18.

CEREMONIAL COSTUMES OF THE PUEBLO INDIANS. By Virginia More Roediger. Berkeley and Los Angeles, University of California Press, 1941. $15.

"A Program for This War!"

AMERICA IN THE NEW PACIFIC

By George E. Taylor

"This book, which really is a history of America as a Pacific Power, is as long-ranged a view of the war as you are likely to get anywhere.

"The author, an expert on the Far East, sees the struggle as a struggle for leadership of Asia. (But) It is more than a history, or a comparison of ideologies—it is a program for this war."

$1.75 —Philadelphia Inquirer

Coming Tuesday, April 14th!

THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS

By George Soule

The noted author of "A Planned Society" and "The Coming American Revolution" has written here a book which may well change the whole approach to the field of social sciences.

He summarizes lucidly development of those sciences in their relation to modern psychology and pleads for a basic revaluation of attitude and method of dealing with the ills of society.

$2.75 at all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black and Red

BLACK MARTINIQUE—RED GUIANA. By Nicol Smith. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1942. 312 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

UNFORTUNATELY for his readers, his publishers, and himself, Nicol Smith is a better writer of travelogues than a reporter of the international scene.

If the reverse were true, Mr. Smith's "Black Martinique—Red Guiana" would approximate a first class news beat and enable us to understand better why France's strategically located Caribbean colonies are objects of suspicion and diplomatic dispute and likely to be occupied any day by American forces. After all, last year "he was the only American writer permitted to visit" these pawns in the international war game, suspected currently of being used as bases by axis submarines destroying Western Hemisphere shipping. Instead, he dishes up a chatty, inconsequential travel yarn with emphasis on such trivia as a fight to the death between a mongoose and a bushmaster; the manufacture of rum; the employment of whites by black people, and romantic oddments.

It may be said, in fairness to the author, that apparently he went to Martinique and French Guiana for no other purpose. When Vichy government officials wondered why "an unofficial American traveler" wanted to take a photographer with him, Mr. Smith assured them: "I go purely as a traveler . . . I have no political affiliations. I wish merely to make motion pictures—in color—of the native life in the islands for my lecture tours."

After visiting Martinique's interior, the author returned to Fort de France and reassured the Commandant: "Well, Commandant, I have kept my word . . . We haven't photographed anything of a military nature."

Nor learned anything of a military nature, either, for his attitude seems to have been, "See no war, hear no war, speak no war."

Mr. Smith does intimate that some of the refugees on Martinique might be in the pay of the Nazis and he breaks down to the point of telling briefly about the smuggling of American money into France—the larger the denomination, the better the rate of exchange.

After cleaning up the Martinique situation in ninety-four pages, he hustles us off to French Guiana, "the only colony in the world, French or otherwise, in which the black people not only are virtually in charge of their own lives, but are the employers of whites." This reviewer might point out that while black Haiti and Liberia may not be colonies, they are, in effect, dependencies of the United States and there "black people not only are virtually in charge of their own lives, but are the employers of whites."

However, if you're interested at this point in stories about French prisoners, murderers as well as politicians, exiled to Guiana and grovelling for existence among the blacks; in the tragic ordeal of faithful Madame Duez and her *libere* political-prisoner husband, the author's 228 pages devoted to French Guiana will hold your attention. They are good reading. But while reading them, I could not throw off the conviction that Nicol Smith had missed a golden opportunity.

Send GOOD books to the Victory Book Campaign, Saturday Review Family, 25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Wilds of Borneo

BLACK BORNEO. By Charles C. Miller. New York: Modern Age Books. 1942. 278 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by W. L. TIPTON

NOW that Cannibal Miller has given us "Black Borneo," explorers can never again expect to be taken seriously. No matter where they go, what they do, they will not be able to top the fantastic experiences of this very human gent, who emerged, unharmed mentally, physically, and risibly from amazing adventures during a dangerous, heartbreaking journey through the wilds of Borneo. If the Japs now occupying Borneo weren't Japs, you'd be inclined to sympathize with their undoubtedly precarious predicament among the wild men of that great island. Perhaps, however, they're sensibly sticking to the relatively safe seacoast, which is more than the author did.

Professional explorers won't approve of Mr. Miller, who defines them as "bums with an excuse." His "excuse" was the little known Apo-Kajan territory of Dutch Borneo, where legend said a fabulous civilization had flourished centuries ago, leaving colossal stone images as evidence. It was rumored to be a land of untold wealth in gold and diamonds, but as the author found out, it was a land of *Adat*, of superstition, and of decay.

Fortunately for Cannibal Miller, he was the son of a Dutch East Indian army officer and had visited Borneo several times with his father. Consequently, he was well aware of the importance of the spirit world and evil omens to the superstitious, cunning, cannibalistic indigenes. One of lesser knowledge never would have emerged alive from such perilous surroundings.

Practically every move of the Dyaks is controlled by *Adat* from birth to death. "It is the product of thousands of years of habit . . . and has no relation to reason." It is custom. Whenever the author was tempted to overrule the natives where *Adat* was involved, he remembered in the nick of time that he belonged to the Come-back-alive school of explorer and won them over through ingenuity rather than by bucking the Gods with force, which would have meant certain death. There was a time when he tried to rush the spirits and his journey by bribing the chiefs with colored agates, but he finally gave up planning and let the spirits chart his course.

Mr. Miller's descriptions are almost too vivid for comfort. The stench of his villages fairly bowls you over and on occasion you rub the back of your neck, just to make certain your head

Magazines Want Your Stories

Authors Help You Write Them

A GROUP of experienced, successful authors and editors will now help you get started writing for the magazines. They will suggest fascinating assignments; give you detailed, personal criticism of your plots, style, characters, dialogue; tell you where, when, how to sell your work.

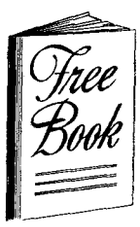
FICTION: NON-FICTION

If you feel you have it in you to become a writer, but haven't been able to get under way, this practical, up-to-date, home study instruction of The Magazine Institute is perhaps exactly what you have been looking for.

"Thanks for the $500 Check!"—

writes I. W., Detroit. "Feel I should write you, instead of the editor who just sent it to me." Many other beginners are now selling stories, articles, made possible through this training. The method of instruction conducted by these experienced writers promises no instantaneous short-cut to fame and fortune, but if you have a spark of authorship, it can help fan it into flame.

Mailing the coupon for a descriptive free book involves *no obligation* whatever. Address it to THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Dept. 54, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.



THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, Dept. 54
50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Without obligation, please send me the Institute's free descriptive book. This request is confidential, and no salesman will call on me.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is still there. His chapters on the head-hunters and their nine-day ritual are hair-raising.

The author's one foreign companion was Wang Lo, a Chinese, who was appointed first assistant cameraman, because he usually traveled in the first canoe and therefore had excellent opportunities for snapping unusual pictures. Wang faithfully went through the motions—when he wasn't sleeping—but most of the time forgot to load the camera. Wang came to an untimely end. He was ribbed to ribbons by a cornered orangutang while trying to photograph it.

After much arranging, Miller finally reached the temples of the Stone Men and confirmed the stories that Hinduism had thrived in Apo-Kajan in the tenth century. The natives hired to guide him there would not enter the evil place and subsequently would not get in the same canoe with him for the journey back to his base, because they considered him contaminated. Fortunately for him, his own boys from the coast were not so superstitious.

Miller's trip down the Boesang was suddenly interrupted when a tattooer came to his village. According to *Adat*, no new business can be transacted while a person is being tattooed. As some of the young people had been waiting four years for this ritual, the author had visions of spending years in the heart of Borneo. He finally escaped by convincing the chief that the people two villages down-river should join in the festivities, which got him some paddlers and a canoe.

"Black Borneo" ends abruptly, just when it seems inevitable that Cannibal Miller and his boys are about to be whirled to death under a waterfall. They escape miraculously, as they have done on numerous other occasions, and Mr. Miller leaves himself several hundred miles short of his destination.

Told with masterly anticlimax and devastating understatement, this delightful yarn ought to be on the *must* list.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

13. Browning: Memorabilia. 4. Bryant: To A Waterfowl. 5. Byron: The Destruction of Sennacherib. 3. Coleridge: The Ancient Mariner. 17. Fitzgerald: The Rubaiyat. 2. Gray: Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. 10. Henley: Invictus. 9. Herrick: To the Virgins to Make Much of Time. 11. Housman: Loveliest of Trees. 12. Longfellow: A Psalm of Life. 7. Lovelace: To Althea from Prison. 6. Lowell: Vision of Sir Launfal. 15. Masefield: Sea Fever. 19. Poe: The Raven. 20. Scott: Lochinvar. 14. Spenser: The Faerie Queene. 16: Stevenson: Requiem. 1. Tennyson: Locksley Hall. 8. Whittier: The Barefoot Boy. 18. Wordsworth: She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.

DEEMS TAYLOR says: "The greatest feat of sustained imaginative fiction I have ever read"

Islandia

BY AUSTIN TAPPAN WRIGHT

Pronounced I-landia

1012 pages, $3.00

FARRAR & RINEHART, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Epochs of Music

FROM MADRIGAL TO MODERN MUSIC. A Guide. By Douglas Moore. New York: W. W. Norton. 1942. 354 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by G. S. DICKINSON

MR. MOORE'S book is addressed to the musical amateur who desires assistance in listening to a wide range of music and is willing to think about what he reads and hears. The book promises about the same liberal benefits, whether the reader is making himself ready for the classroom, or is traveling the musical road in his own self-propelled vehicle. In the former case he has a textbook of marked distinction, in the latter case—in both cases, for that matter—a stimulating, genial companion and guide.

Professor Moore's writing is direct and energetic, tinged occasionally with an agreeable raciness. With this effective style as an instrument, he has filled his book with a remarkable amount of accurate and useful information, presented both economically and arrestingly. He has in fact conducted one of those skillful gathering expeditions, which bring to the general reader a planned array of essentials such as he could never find and arrange for himself. The treatment of the materials is clear and concise. It is sufficiently technical to be sound, but it is never forbiddingly technical.

The book is planned so as to present each of five epochs from the fifteenth century to the present in a swift summary, the intent of which is to bring the period to life as vividly as possible. These pictures of times past and present are singularly distinct: they revive in just perspective earlier epochs, and they sort out in their proper relations the diverse activities within each period. Following the conspectus of the epoch there are discriminating comments, brief analyses, and themes of a few chief works of the outstanding composers of the time. These, as well as the tone of the whole book, are of such a nature as to make indispensable to the reader a hearing of the music itself, to assist which a list of phonograph records is given at the end of the book. The terse statements which the author makes about the music are helpfully interpretive of its character and stand high as examples of the difficult art of catching fundamental musical qualities in words.

The grouping of the musical works of the given period is by types or species, such as symphony, opera, and the like. This has the advantage of producing concentrated impressions of the different species as such. It has the possible disadvantage of tending to obscure the historical continuity of the epoch in hand. But this is well offset by the initial summary of the epoch as a whole, and by the effective sense of general musical evolution readily inferable from the successive chapters.

The reviewer has but two lesser questions to raise with respect to Professor Moore's treatment of his materials. Fuller and more definitive statements concerning the meaning of "classic" and "romantic" would be helpful, and if made would be efficacious in sifting more closely the counter-currents of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The other question concerns what seems to be an implied separatism between form and content in music; or, since such was presumably not meant, there would appear to be wordings which give the untutored reader a chance to draw the unintended inference.

Professor Moore's subtitle, "A Guide to Music Styles," must not be overlooked as the ultimate clue to his achievement. He has succeeded eminently in imparting a sense of the meaning of style, both in its comprehensive bearing on five great epochs, and in its intimate and particular relation to the individual composer and the single work. No more significant gift could be offered to the thoughtful reader about music, than to instill in him, as this book must do, the intelligent listener's pleasurable awareness of style.

"Closer to Conan Doyle than anything we've seen recently."*

"*Mr. Heard has conferred a blessing on a wambling world.*"—**Christopher Morley** in *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"*Sinister . . . The suspense cuts down respiration 40%.*"—**Rex Stout**

A New Mystery by
H. F. HEARD
Author of "A Taste for Honey"
$2.00 at all bookstores and lending libraries.

☛ **DON'T MISS** *Terror on the Island,* by John Ferguson.
"Keeps the reader keyed up to a high pitch to the last page."
—*N. Y. Times.* ($2.00)

*DONALD GORDON in *The American News of Books*
VANGUARD, 424 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLACK ALIBI *Cornell Woolrich* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Four girls clawed to death by black jaguar or facsimile thereof in South American city. Yankee publicity man has his doubts.	Grisly and gruesome chronicle, with supermelodramatic climax. Not quite believable but good fare for those who like their horrors neat.	Creepy
ASSIGNMENT IN GUIANA *George Harmon Coxe* (Knopf: $2.)	Summons to South America involves Lane Morgan in sequence of murder, Nazi plots, and general violence. He guides police to solution.	Action and mystery begin instanter and don't let up until end. Hard-bitten characters, intricate plot, and straightforward writing.	Good!
THE BODY GOES ROUND AND ROUND *Theodora Dubois* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Subtle envenoming of jittery Connecticuter and subsequent shooting of carrousel owner linked by Dr. McNeil who snares capitally concealed killer.	Smooth blend of scientific deduction and suburban scandal with solution purt' near unguessable until very last sentence.	Good puzzle
DEADLINE FOR DESTRUCTION *Charles I. Leonard* (Crime Club, $2.)	Unwilling investigator Kilgerrin reluctantly takes on job of unearthing nest of Maryland saboteurs and similar scum.	Cynical, hard-boiled, and quick shooting operative chalks up numerous killings in Stuka-paced tale of spies and subversionists.	Exciting

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Composer

HORATIO PARKER. By Isabel Parker Semler. In collaboration with Pierson Underwood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 330 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by PAUL HENRY LANG

HORATIO PARKER'S name—usually coupled with that of Edward MacDowell—is a symbol; it signifies the coming of age of American music. This earnest and upright artist was indeed one of the first of our composers to take his place in the international commonwealth of music as a full-fledged member. He earned this position not as a foreign agent of the Leipzig-Munich or Oxford-Cambridge circles, the two schools in vogue at that time; nor was he one of those who by toying with some ostentatiously American subject or melody acquired what mistakenly is considered an American tone. Parker was a fine musician, who like all true composers merely tried to give his best, and this best was fully equal to the best of his distinguished confreres abroad. To be sure, the Victorian flavor of all this German, English, and American music elicits smiles from those who are more closely identified with our century, and this music is perhaps dated. Nevertheless, Parker and MacDowell will remain notable figures in the history of American arts and letters and much of their music is by no means relegated to the archives.

A biography of such an important figure as the composer of *Hora Novissima* should be greeted with genuine pleasure, and Isabel Parker Semler's volume does make interesting reading, but it is not a penetrating work. As its subtitle professes, the book is merely "A Memoir for his Grandchildren compiled from Letters and Papers." A good deal of the man Parker emerges from these letters and papers, a lovable character, and a serious artist, but the connecting commentary is avowedly for the reverent grandchildren and entirely uncritical. Thus we shall have to wait for a full length critical biography toward which the present authors have contributed valuable material.

Gladys Schmitt of Pittsburgh has won the Dial Press Award for 1942 with her novel "The Gates of Aulis." The award, a prize of $1,000 and royalties, was offered for an outstanding novel of high literary quality that concerned itself realistically with the problems of adjustment which face the young men and women of America today.

"The story of Katherine Mansfield woven into a compelling novel."

—NEW YORK TIMES

DAUGHTER OF TIME

by Nelia Gardner White

"MISS WHITE HAS dared greatly in taking for her heroine a woman not only remembered well by many, but one, moreover, who has written of herself with a fullness and a candor which presents a challenge to the novelist.

"Miss White has captured the ardent, sensitive nature of the girl Katherine; her passionate love of beauty, of life, of music, her delicate intuitions, her rebellions . . . on the whole it is convincing and moving."

—*Book of the Month Club News*

"This is the legend as it ought to be. As a novel it is certainly superior to the commonplaces that are passed off nowadays as top rank fiction."

—*Boston Globe*

"She has used deftly a difficult literary form, and through it she shows, as a living person, as distinctive and appealing an artist as our time has known."

—*New York Herald Tribune*

at all bookstores, $2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT ENDS WITH ZYZZOGETON

(*Continued from page 4*)

criterion for a vocabulary. In fact, the obscurer technical words will probably be dropped from the next edition and left for technical dictionaries. One word the editors would hate to see go is the name of a rare lung disease, *Pneumonoultramicroscopicsilicovolcanokoniosis*—even though the chief reason for its inclusion is to satisfy people who want to see the longest word printed in any dictionary.

A HOTTENTOT could crash "The Social Register" more easily than an unqualified word could slip past Merriam's editors. Their etiquette is inflexible: a word must be properly introduced before they will recognize it. The best sponsors are the "standard" authors. A word used by Marlowe, Swift, Longfellow, Dickens is admitted almost automatically. All standard English literature has been thoroughly winnowed by now, of course. It is one of the three great sources of dictionary words. The second is technical publications. The third is current usage.

In preparation for a new edition, technical publications are watched by special editors expert in such diverse fields as astrophysics, locksmithing, paleobotany, metallurgy, and archery. Each tries to read everything printed about his subject, vigilant for the debut of a term. Before the specialist on cartography could state with assurance which sections of the United States called a stream a "branch," and which a "brook," a "creek," or a "run," he had studied every detailed survey map from coast to coast.

Current usage is the responsibility of a corps of general readers. Not only newspapers, magazines, and modern novels are theirs to sift, but cook books, mail order catalogues, and dairy lunch menus. They know that the verb *set* already has 115 uses—you set a trap, a table, a hen, a slam bid—but the 116th may make its bow in a tradesman's dodger. The noun *run* already has 41 uses—home run, rabbit run, stocking run, mile run—but the 42nd may turn up in a joke book.

New meanings are quite as important as new words. Back in 1936, an experienced writer described a merchant as a "sharpshooter," intending only that he was, metaphorically, a good marksman. He checked the word in his old Webster; that was the only meaning it recognized. Nevertheless, when his article appeared, he was threatened with a libel suit. It was based on the just-published new Webster, in which *sharpshooter* had been assigned a secondary meaning: "One who tries to beat down prices by false quotation. *Slang.*"

So much slang has a may-fly's span that the editors pay a slang word little attention until it has shown durability. ***Pantywaist, Bronx cheer, behind the eight ball, jive, on the lam, the McCoy, moocher,*** are in the new words section of the 1934 edition, but no one knows whether they will survive until the next. The durability rule also applies to personal coinages. Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky, frabjous,* and *bandersnatch;* Gelett Burgess's *Goop* and *blurb;* Arthur Roberts's *spoof* (1852)—Webster has recognized them all as official members of the family, but they had to prove their vigor first.

Close to personal coinages stand the "zombies"—words which died out centuries ago, but have recently been revived and put back to work. One is *activate.* In 1884 the great "Oxford English Dictionary" had found only a single instance of its use since 1673, but some 20th-century author disinterred it, others joined in the voodoo rites, and today both Webster and the Oxford list it among living words.

THE process of electing a term to Webster is slow but simple. Take *Melba toast,* a fairly new member. The first general reader to encounter it—maybe on a menu, maybe in a cook book—promptly made a "citation." That is, he listed the term and context on a filing card. A few years later, or even a few months, *Melba toast* had found its way into fiction, where another reader spied it and made another citation. Eventually enough citations accumulated in the file to prove popular usage, so *Melba toast* was put on the editorial assembly line. Here it was given, first, a pronunciation; second, a derivation, and third, a definition. (Sometimes there is a fourth step, when it receives an illustrative quotation.)

Unhappily for lexicographers, pronunciation is fashion's slave, not scholarship's. Dryden and Pope rhymed *tea* with *away* and *rise* with *joys.* For a great many words, there is no such thing as a single correct pronunciation. The vowel sound in *dog* ranges from the sound of the word *awe* to *the* sound of *o* in *bog,* depending on the locality, and one pronunciation is as acceptable academically as another. In the case of words like *banal, pianist, tomato, pajamas,* the editors poll consultants throughout the English-speaking world and cite the majority's choice first, the minority's second. (For *tomato,* the pronunciation *to-may-to* wins.) But *hegemony* admits of eight pronunciations!

With derivations, lexicography becomes a science again. Noah Webster traced roots in 20 languages. The current Webster's staff of etymologists can ask questions in East Frisian and answer them in Nahuatl. Their researches make absorbing reading. Nasturtium, for instance, literally means

CHILDREN
IN A
World at War
By Louise Seaman Bechtel

Don't fail to read this article in the March-April issue of

The Horn Book

Six other important articles in this issue. Send 50 cents for a single copy, or $1.00 for trial subscription of 3 issues.

Horn Book, 264 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

"Charlotte Durant is a superb creation, sturdily imagined, lovingly developed."
—Saturday Review

WESTWARD THE SUN

The new best-seller by
BRIGID KNIGHT
"Every page counts in this story that moves rapidly and dramatically to its inevitable climax."
—Saturday Review
$2.50, Thomas Y Crowell Company, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"nose twister"—from the Latin words *nasus* and *torquere,* because its pungency makes one's nose wrinkle. And you might look up, for your further amusement and instruction, the derivations of *amethyst, pedigree, poplin, sarcophagus, taxicab.*

Dr. Johnson once said, "Dictionaries are like watches. The worst is better than none, and the best cannot be expected to go quite true." Webster's dictionary is no exception: a few mistakes have dared to creep into it.

One was first exposed in an indignant letter from a man who, on Webster's authority, had bet $5 that Easter always fell on the first Sunday after the full moon next after the vernal equinox. His opponent had bet that it was the Sunday *on or* next after, and when they appealed to church scholars, the opponent was sustained. The editors checked. *On or* was right. They considered the error so potentially pernicious that they replaced the plate of that page forthwith.

A few errors persist in the latest printing, but they are being policed as fast as found. One which the editors may tolerate because it can mislead nobody is the word *dord,* which is defined as "*Physics & Chem.* Density." It is nothing of the sort. No physicist or chemist has ever heard of the word. *Dord* is a disguised fugitive from the dictionary's abbreviations section. The abbreviation for density may be either a capital D. or a small d., so the abbreviations editor made his entry thus: "D. or ." Somehow the slip of paper escaped from his desk, dropped its periods and spaces in flight, and sneaked into the main vocabulary.

But not much escapes the editors, and in war-time they are doubly watchful—both for the new words being mobilized, and for a possible recurrence of that exciting afternoon in April, 1898, when a cable was delivered to the office, collect, $67. No one was expecting a cable, especially at such a price, so there was considerable debate before the charges were paid. It was from Bridgetown, Barbados, and was signed "Stanley," a name which meant nothing to them. The message meant little more:

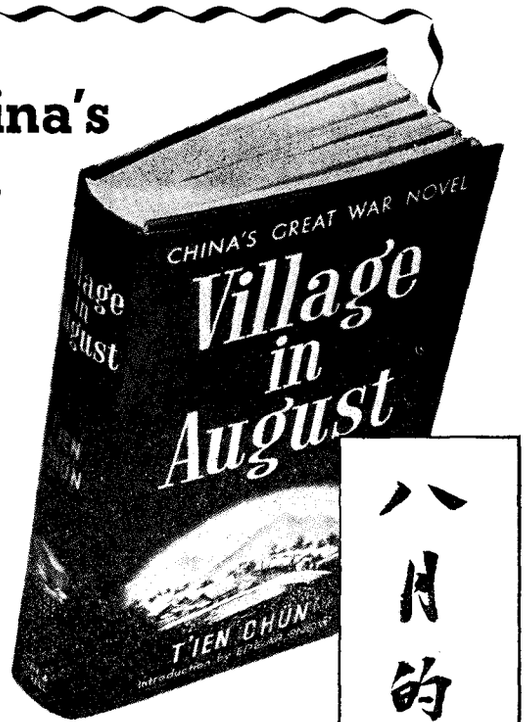
Page 1543 third column count down 22 page 1377 third column count four Barbados page 1501 third column count four page 911 column three count 12 page 637 count 31 third column page 982 count 17 first column page 761 first column count 15.

Plainly, the dictionary was the key. But the 1890 edition added up to nothing. So did the 1884 and the 1879. Not until the editors had tested the code on the 1864 did it run clear:

Trooper — Spanish — Barbados — 1000 — men — gone — north — inform.

They forwarded it to Washington at once. Weeks later came the State Department's check for $67 and a curt letter saying that the information had proved correct. Merriam refused to consider the case closed, however. When the war was over, they requested their West Indian representative to look up "Stanley" in Bridgetown and relay thanks. No such name was known there. But the trail led fairly close to a retired British naval officer, who was heard to observe to no one in particular, "Britain is neutral, but blood is thicker than water."

EDGAR SNOW introduces China's great war novel to America . . .



"IN the most sublime and stirring moments of history it often happens that a single novel manages to reveal the heart of inner purpose of a period. Could we understand the French Revolution without *Les Miserables,* the decline of the Spanish Empire without *Don Quixote?* VILLAGE IN AUGUST has won a place in such company.

"It tells how the people of Manchuria, relying on their own wits and resources alone, organized and armed themselves and in their wrath fought back against the Japanese invaders and their own puppet officials."

"It presents with strong integrity, and sometimes Rabelaisian intimacy, the people of China to whom we owe so much, people at whom you will smile and whom you will understand."

"Credit to the American who made this extraordinary fine translation will have to be given later. He is at present interned by the Japanese."

Publishers' note: VILLAGE IN AUGUST has been banned by the Japanese wherever they hold power — but this has not stopped its circulation among millions of Chinese, whom it has inspired and unified through its revelation of their own strength.

Just published in America

VILLAGE IN AUGUST

By the soldier-novelist T'IEN CHÜN

Introduction by EDGAR SNOW

☛ The first contemporary Chinese novel ever to be translated into English.

八月的鄉村 田軍

$2.50, SMITH & DURRELL, INC., 25 W. 45th ST., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among the Younger Poets

RICHARD EBERHART is a young poet from Minnesota who has lived in England and who has appeared in *New Signatures,* the publication which launched the Auden-Spender group in 1932. He has had three books of verse published by English firms, "Bravery of Earth," 1930, "Reading the Spirit," 1937, and "Song and Idea," 1940. Eberhart is one of the poets writing today who have the stamp of real genius, and it is time he was better known on this side of the Atlantic. His gift for impassioned language and Blake-like mysticism are reminiscent of another gifted poet, George Barker, but his music is his own, he has more control than Barker, and his poetry is sustained by a conscious philosophy of affirmation and the active acceptance of experience:

> Who talks with the Absolute salutes a Shadow,
> Who seeks himself shall lose himself;
> And the golden pheasants are no help,
> And action must be learned from love of man.

His themes are nature, death, love, and the relation of man to eternal things. "The Groundhog," perhaps his finest poem, is man confronted with his own decay in the decay of the dead animal; his struggle for self control and acceptance culminates in the seeing-beyond of the mystic.

Delmore Schwartz is an instructor at Harvard, the holder of a Guggenheim Fellowship, and a New Directions protege. He has been called "the American Auden," a tribute to the broad fields of his experimentation, which include poetry, short story, criticism, translation, and drama. "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," 1938, was followed by "Shenandoah," a play, 1941, and representation in the *New Directions* 1941 Anthology, with more promised in the near future, Schwartz, like Eberhart, is a philosophical poet, but in his case the "philosophy" seems too often immune to life, caught in the web of its own pretentiousness, and one has the impression that he has produced more than he is ready for. But he is nevertheless a young man of very considerable talent, and in his best (alas, an early work) "Coriolanus and his Mother: The Dream of One Performance," the magnitude of the theme and the brilliance of its construction outweigh the heaviness of much of his expression. Schwartz's poetry is, like Auden's, dominated by ideas, sometimes to the detriment of the poetry when the ideas are not profound, but he is often succinct and just:

> Saint, revolutionist,
> God and sage know well
> That there is a place
> Where that much-rung bell
> The well-beloved body,
> And its sensitive face
> Must be sacrificed.

And his plays are ruled by ideas: in "Dr. Bergen's Belief" it is "the conflict of reason and faith," but the intellectuality of the conception and insufficient characterization result in stiffness. In "Shenandoah" there are signs of more *felt* humanity, and the intellectual implications are interesting. Delmore Schwartz has the bones of a philosophy, a sense of structure, a bent for analytical thought, and a readiness to tackle difficult media, but he is still too self-conscious about it. If he takes time to assimilate what he knows and to bring it to life he has the makings of a writer of scope.

WINIFRED FISK.

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

Next Week:

ELMER DAVIS REVIEWS "THE MAKING OF TOMORROW,"
By Raoul de Roussy de Sales

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York City

Please enter my subscription and send me a bill for:

☐ 1 YEAR—$4.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$7.00

$1 Additional for Pan America or Abroad.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

In the Scholarly Journals

THE *Sewanee Review,* 50-year-old quarterly published by the University of the South, presented a variety of criticism and essays in its January-March issue. Following Vincent Wall's earlier discussion of the plays of Maxwell Anderson, Edward Foster now considers the basic core of belief in the dramas. The Emersonian vision of the "infinitude of the private man" has come to be the subject of Mr. Anderson, whose plays, according to Mr. Foster, are declining in theatrical effectiveness but rising in intellectual significance. . . . The refreshment to be gained by reading "Beowulf" untroubled by scholarly considerations and textual problems is proclaimed in a pleasantly written essay by Calvin S. Brown, Jr. . . . Willa Cather's permanence among American classics is discussed by George L. White, Jr., in one of a series of summaries of eminent living novelists. . . . "Mystics in the Modern Theatre," by Miss Winifred Smith, observes the plight of recent dramatists such as Strindberg, Steiner, Kaiser, Shaw, and Claudel, whose dismay at the chaos of modern life is revealed in varying inclinations towards mysticism.

The prevalent misconception that W. H. Prescott, the historian, worked in a vacuum free from political opinions and almost untouched by his generation is corrected by William Charvat in the January number of *American Literature.* A carefully documented study reveals some of the political principles to which Prescott was pledged and which naturally guided his interpretation of Spanish history. . . . J. J. Firebaugh surveys the cordiality extended to early nineteenth-century American authors by the Englishman Samuel Rogers, who apparently did much to advance the social respectability of American letters. . . .

The text of Chaucer abounds in puzzles which persist in challenging the ingenuity of scholars. Light is thrown on two troublesome passages in the "Canterbury Tales" by contributions to the March number of *Modern Language Notes.* Miss Germaine Dempster offers an explanation of "Thy gentillesse" in the Wife of Bath's tale, and George L. Frost suggests a plausible interpretation of the Host's baffling oath "by that precious corpus Madrian." . . . The date of Tennyson's first meeting with Arthur Hallam, about which some uncertainty has existed, is fixed as April, 1829, by T. H. Vail Motter, who presents appropriate evidence.

FREDERICK F. SEELY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALMANAC FOR SPRING READING

(*Continued on page* 35)

MAY 15

Donald Culross Peattie reviews colorful incidents of the national history and presents some of its picturesque figures in *Forward the Nation* . . . A new volume from the pen of *Saturday Evening Post* writer, Morris Bishop, entitled *Spilt Milk* . . .

MAY 20

Sally Benson, of *New Yorker* and *Junior Miss* fame, does it again in *Meet Me in St. Louis* where youth bestrides its world during World's Fair days . . .

MAY 21

Rex Stout's admirers have a good time coming for there's a new detective story by him, *Black Orchids* . . .

MAY 25

Now It Begins is in Katharine Brush's stream-lined, swift-paced manner of fiction . . .

MAY 27

A red letter day, for his publishers retrieve from the ephemerality of magazine publication some of the most polished writing of the present by issuing in book form E. B. White's *One Man's Meat* . . . W. M. Kiplinger, who keeps business men informed of facts and surmise in the nation's capital, publishes a fascinating book called *Washington Is Like That* . . .

MAY 29

John Steinbeck furnishes the text for Herbert Kline's photographs in *The Forgotten Village* . . .

WAIFS AND STRAYS

(All dressed up with titles but they have no dates, poor things.)

Armistice Diary, by Kay Boyle . . . *The Fetch,* by Joseph Shearing . . . *A Place of One's Own,* by Osbert Sitwell . . . *The Unfinished Tack,* by Lewis Corey . . . *Francis Parkman: Heroic Historian,* by Mason Wade . . . *The Techniques of Democracy,* by Alfred M. Bingham . . . *The Unvanquished,* by Howard Fast . . . *It Happened Like This,* by A. S. M. Hutchinson . . . *No Safe Harbor,* by Katherine Anne Porter . . . *Ambassadors in White,* by Charles Wilson Morrow . . . *Look to the Mountain,* by LeGrand Cannon . . . *And Now Tomorrow,* by Rachel Field . . . *Night of Fire,* by Dyson Carter . . . *The Unconquered,* by Robert Carse . . . *The Sea-Gull Cry,* by Robert Nathan . . . *You Can't Be Too Careful,* by H. G. Wells . . .

Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE voice of Miliza Korjus is extraordinary to the point of being freakish. She sings incredibly high notes with such ease, purity, and accuracy that one occasionally feels, anticlimactically, an almost inhuman quality—her highest notes are literally indistinguishable from those of a flute. Yet in her lower registers she can "act" with convincing fervor in, for instance, the Queen of the Night aria of Mozart. An album of coloratura arias sung by her (V M-871) includes the Mad Scene from *Lucia* and *Una voce poca fa* from the *Barber of Seville,* plus some light-headed morsels of lesser worth. Korjus should be heard by everyone who has a taste for the vocal art, to see what *can* be done, technically speaking. . . . Another fine recording is that of the Rhine Journey and Funeral Music from *Götterdämmerung,* with Toscanini and his NBC Orchestra. (V M 853). This music has of course been recorded before, including a set by Toscanini, and is as familiar as anything of Wagner. Performance is his best here, and Victor has done one of its finest jobs to date.

Risë Stevens has neither the voice nor the understanding for Mozart. Her recording of *Voi che sapete* and *Non so piu* from *Figaro* (C 17298-D) is unimaginatively sung; her tone lacks brilliance, her tremulo is too noticeable, and above all the acting is wooden.—Even on records Mozart must and can be acted. . . . She does better, however, on 17297-D with Schumann's *Widmung,* and on the reverse two Wolf songs, *In dem Schatten meiner Locken* and *Mausfallen-Sprüchlein* are really first rate. . . . A single to own, if you have Lotte Lehmann's album of Brahms *lieder,* is C 17300-D on which she sings his *Ständchen* and the well known *Wiegenlied.*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 419)

ROBINSON:

(THE) GARDEN OF THE NATIONS (1923)

And when we are gone, shall . . . . .
. . . . . scions of a warmer spring put forth
A bloom and fruitage of a larger worth
Than ours? God save the garden, if by chance,
Or by approved short sight, more numerous weeds
And weevils be the next inheritance!

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

YOUNG, college-bred woman desiring operatic career wishes to exchange services of secretary and companion to singer in return for tutoring. Box 863-E.

TO SELL: First copy Public Ledger, March 25, 1836. Very good condition. Send offer to Box 850-E.

WHOLESOME YOUNG MAN seeks genial, stimulating correspondence with young thing to share freedom's brimming cup. Box 851-E.

STAMP COLLECTORS! 1039 all different stamps including: Liberia, French Colonial pictorials values up to 5 Francs, British Coronations, Caucasian Republics, South & Central American most attractive, Ukrania pictorials, large selection, Pacific War countries, Persia Egypt, Vatican, etc. Special instead $3—for $1—to approval applicants. FRASEK CO., White Plains, N. Y.

WRITER WITH CONTRACT wishes to rent small furnished East Side apartment in which to complete novel. Two or three months, perhaps longer. Must be attractive, well lighted, well ventilated, reasonable. References Exchanged. Box 852-E.

MOTHER AVAILABLE: New England bred, college trained, with experience, understanding, sense of humor. Willing to direct household and assume full responsibility of children. Box 853-E.

IS THERE A mentally active, young Protestant woman who is well educated and who believes she can offer letters of encouragement and incentive necessary to cause a reasonably successful engineer to produce original and vital work of importance for this country **now.** Music and art would probably help. Box 879-E.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to get on a horse and ride throughout the United States visiting every State? Well, Frank Heath did it and wrote a thrilling account of it in "Forty Million Hoofbeats." Intensely interesting. Published by David Turet, 270 Lafayette Street, New York, $3.50.

AN AMERICAN DAVID LOW exists. Will an editor, connoisseur or agent consider the work of an obscure caricaturist who needs only to be discovered. Box 858-E.

MAN WITH LIKING for good letters needs some to relieve a tedious existence. Will some lady oblige? Box 859-E.

SPRING IN THE FRIENDLY HILLS. Old-time comfort, a cottage if you wish, Spring splendor, woodsy walks, and grand meals at our old homestead beside a brook. Two hours from town. The Farm on the Hill, Box 215, Stone Ridge, New York.

WILL SOME MAN write of large cities to small-town girl forcibly hibernating. Box 872-E.

LOCATED IN BUCKS COUNTY, owners offer for immediate rental to non-commuters the following delightful quarters, all overlooking the Delaware River: Large studio-bedroom, kitchen-dinette, four exposures. Also apartment over garage with large living room, bedroom, bath and kitchen. Both furnished.

Available June first, compact cottage on the canal, four bedrooms, two baths, unfurnished.

Available September first, beautiful old stone house, modern conveniences, garden, boxwood, four open fireplaces, separate work room, partially furnished. Rents include use of swimming pool and tennis court and maintenance of heating and water machinery. Year's lease preferred. Write Mrs. Edward Riley, Lumberville, Pennsylvania.

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

PERSONABLE, non-glamorous ghost writer craves scientific research. Writes better than most authors. Any offers? Box RS.

SOMEWHAT SOPHISTICATED young lady, planning two week bicycle adventure, desires truly interesting advice. Box 854-E.

GENTLEMAN, Jewish, desires correspondence with esthetic young lady. Box 855-E.

POST DEBUTANTE bored with conventional society would like correspondence with attractive intelligent gentleman interested in music, literature, horses, boating—anything but cocktails at four, dinner at eight. Box 856-E.

YOUNG WOMAN whose tastes run to music, books, theater, and people, desires new correspondents. Box 857-E.

LEAVE YOUR CAR AT HOME . . . enjoy a full program of active sports and interesting relaxation on our 250-acre estate. Spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people, serene living. Write A. Gordon Moody, Manager. The Northfield, East Northfield, Massachusetts.

LIBRARIAN WHO ENJOYS being close to nature but seldom gets the chance welcomes correspondence with gentlemen who do. Box 867-E.

QUICK-SKETCH portrait artist—commission, concession, or whatever offered. Vacation season only. Box 873-E.

JOURNALIST, Jewish, seeks correspondence with girl literarily inclined. Box 874-E.

BURMESE MANUSCRIPT, genuine, for sale—what's your offer? Box 875-E.

YOUNG MAN, educated, widely traveled, seeks stimulating correspondence with a not too sophisticated young lady. Box 876-E.

IN EXCHANGE FOR WEEKENDS at private country home on spacious grounds—within hundred miles of Manhattan—gentleman thirty and single, offers services as landscape architect (avocation) and property management and investments (vocation). Box 877-E.

WHO WILL WRITE to female genius with light hidden under bushel? Box 878-E.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Flexible accommodations; one room $62.50 per month (yearly rate); two rooms $100 per month; furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

16 DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS. $1.50. DUPLICATE BOARD COMPANY, Syracuse, New York.

CONSCIENTIOUS CARE, understanding, companionship for your child in exchange pleasant summer home for mine. June-September. Can drive. Would expect transportation, evenings free for study. Young Christian business woman and daughter six. Box 860-E.

NEO-VICTORIANISM? Those familiar with "readable" and "competent" applied as high praise to literary works should like HORIZON, English monthly review of literature and art. Send $1.75 for six months, 40c for current issue. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th St., N.Y.C.

A. NON. I'm doing all right. How are you? Box 830-E.

ANY JOBS TODAY? Gay Virginia maid, college bred, would swoon at your feet for an interesting position in New England. Box 861-E.

PERSONALS

PROFESSOR'S quiet apartment—two bedrooms, kitchen, livingroom. 415 West 115, No. 52.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

WHITE COLLAR WOMEN—let Miss Goodman sponsor your Spring Wardrobe! Her medium is well designed and restrained clothes. (Coats, Suits, Dresses.) Mostly Originals. Prices for the better bracket are unexcelled. 474 Seventh Avenue (36th St.) LAckawanna 4-4013.

YOUR HANDWRITING may not "reveal all," but does offer valuable clues to self-knowledge, harmonious relationships. Send specimen and dollar for your Self-Survey. Marjorie Cooper. Box 33-AD.

"GREEN SHADOWS INN," Lyme, Connecticut. Open all year.

YOUNG LADY, college education, recovering from tuberculosis, seeks pen friends in similar circumstances. Box 862-E.

NAVY RECRUIT—Protestant, college, serious-humorous, quiet disposition; civilian: farmer; interested: life, nature, culture, needs feminine correspondent: character, brains, understanding. Box 864-E.

SMALL TOWN GIRL, top secretary in large city. Figure skater, swimmer, horseback rider, bicyclist, fisherwoman, tennis player, good dancer, good cook. Invites correspondence with gentleman who enjoys music and plays as well. Box 865-E.

YOUNG WOMAN (HELLUO LIBRORUM) invites correspondence. Box 866-E.

WELL TRAVELED young man, graduate of eastern college, wishes position connected with music or literature. Box 868-E.

ATTENTION LIBRARIANS! For Sale. File New York Times 1934-1941. Chapbooks, 284 Montauk Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

SONGWRITER wants to interest Agent or Publisher. Must be authentic. Box 871-E.

CABIN IN WOODS—3 rooms—screened porch—fireplace—60 miles from New York—600 feet elevation. Annual rental, $50. Box 869-E.

YOUNG MAN, educated dreamer, would welcome female correspondence. Box 870-E.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis. $1.00. Elsie Briggs. Box 828-E.

"YOU TWO ARE BOOKMEN." . . . you "eat paper, drink ink." You write, perhaps! Give genius a chance. Put pen to paper by the sea! Some of America's finest literature was born in the luxurious calm of the world's largest seaside hotels. Relax here, and write away! But come, even if letters are all you'll compose! Friendly service, finest food, siestas on sunny Ocean Deck will put you in trim for the days ahead. Amiable clientele. For color folder write Adrian W. Phillips, Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, Atlantic City.

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS—Have you tried the new Sulfanilamide treatment? If not, learn about it without obligation. Write today for free booklet "Pso-Ridisal with Sulfanilamide for Psoriasis," Nu-Basic Product Company. Dept. 91, Royal Oak, Michigan.

GIRL WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR would like to correspond with anyone of a similar nature. Box 880-E.

RECOVERING from Personal Pearl Harbor. Would enjoy hearing from interesting Jewish people. No sympathy or platitudes. Interested in reading, designing, inventing. Appreciate music. Hobby, cooking. Box 881-E.

LADY FARMER desires stimulating correspondence with the intellectually inclined. Box 882-E.

FOR SALE: Beethoven "Emperor Concerto" (Schnabel). Good condition. $3.00. Box EA.

PERSONALS

WE NEED A SUMMER RESPITE from carbon monoxide, curbed dogs, and Manhattan in general. If you have a Procrustean cottage, in or near the Poconos, surrounded by real wooden trees, near to unstagnant water and air-conditioned by Zephyr—we may wish to rent it for three or four months. Our demands are few, running water, two bedrooms and accessibility to good trains being our major requisites. If you have or know of such a site please get in touch with us. Box 900-E.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 177 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

ANY OUT-OF-PRINT BOOK QUOTED, Any current book at publisher's price. Bargain list free. LITERARY MART, 1650 Broadway, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare Books. Old Books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

BOOKPLATES

ROCKWELL KENT designs. Samples 10c. Greenland Press, 711 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mailorder catalogue, 20c.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 23 YEARS—We sell book short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40th St., New York.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RESEARCH: CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY. Government Bureaus, etc. Simple questions, complex investigations, expertly handled. Lowest rates. JOHN CREHORE, Box 2329, Washington, D. C.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References. 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell, 27 West 42nd Street, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

THE passing of Carolyn Wells Houghton, adroit composer of all sorts of puzzles and rhymes, is of special concern to us, for she was a most enthusiastic Double-crosticker. Back in 1935 it was a stunning surprise to receive from her an inquiry about the back numbers of the "heavenly" puzzles, and a very deep joy it was to me to furnish her with my own duplicate set. She wrote then that they were her relief from chronic insomnia and heart trouble, and she paid tribute to them thus in "The Rest of My Life." In fact, at the simple services held March 28, her housekeeper told me that Double-Crostics were half her life and that she never let one in *SRL* or books go unsolved. The harder the puzzle the better she liked it. She used to cut out the black squares and repaste the diagram together as a diagramless one to make it last longer and be harder. Occasionally, when with her permission I quoted from her verses, she delighted like a child to spot her acrostic, though she said that she never recognized the quotation as hers. (What author ever does!) You would enjoy all her letters to me but space permits of selections from but two:

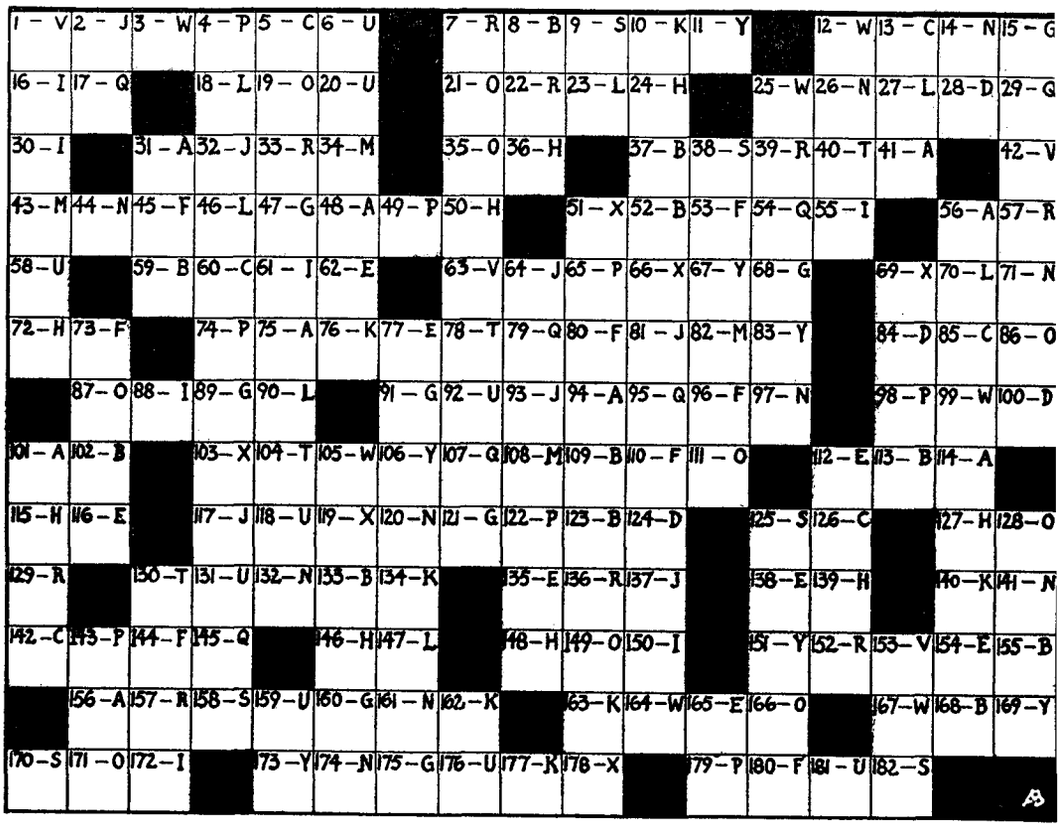
"Last week I rejoiced to see what was indubitably a sticker. But alas, as soon as I had achieved a few words I realized it was a poem of Browning's which I have long known by heart, so my sticker came unstuck! I felt like a child who has been given a piece of April Fool's Day candy.—But my head is so crammed with poetry that 'tis a wonder that doesn't happen oftener. You can't realize the joy we feel, after racking our brains for an obscure word, to have a simple answer fall into place and, like as not, fix up another one or two."

This in reply to Will Irwin's letter as to the ethics of using reference books: "The DC's are primarily for entertainment and not a religious ritual. My conscience is satisfied if I find I cannot go farther without a word I need, to look for it in a book. After I've honorably tried to get along without it, I cheerfully hasten to my reference shelf and track down the beast.—But, if you look things up because of indolence or to hurry the game along, you are an unworthy member of Mrs. Kingsley's clan:

Not the quarry, but the chase;
Not the laurel, but the race;
Not the hazard, but the play,
Make me, Lord, enjoy always!

And through a richly-filled life she assuredly did!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 420

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 35 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Dipterous (comp.)

B. Domestic novel by J. F. Cooper (1838).

C. Mexican painter *(Epic of Culture,* Dartmouth College).

D. Chinese dynasty noted for its art (1368-1644).

E. Used by old dramatists as a name for a Quaker.

F. Irish political party of extreme Republicans (1905).

G. Daguerrotypist in *The House of the Seven Gables.*

H. Charge against land for dykes, seabanks, cattle-grazing (Eng. Law).

I. The object of a futile quest (2 wds.)

J. Dutch painter (1629-77).

K. Criminal tramps.

L. Formerly.

M. Night (Fr.)

N. A popular book on myths (1855).

O. To avoid meeting at close quarters (3 wds.)

P. The native or hereditary factor in behavior.

Q. A fabric of cord or the like woven into meshes.

R. Native, as demotic writing.

S. Importance, as in influence or effect.

T. Husband of Frigga.

U. Memorable (comp.)

V. Fresh tidings.

W. Extra leaves placed in a book.

X. Quick-witted; adroit.

Y. Author of "The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft" (1903).

WORDS

114 156 75 31 48 56 41 101 94

168 8 155 52 133 102 59 109 113 123 37

126 60 13 142 5 85

100 28 84 124

135 62 138 116 165 77 154 112

73 80 110 144 45 180 53 96

91 89 175 68 47 15 121 160

146 50 115 36 148 24 72 139 127

88 61 16 172 150 55 30

137 93 2 81 64 117 32

162 177 140 163 134 10 76

23 18 46 147 70 90 27

82 43 108 34

120 97 26 174 44 71 141 161 14 132

21 35 171 149 86 111 128 166 19 87

143 4 179 98 122 49 74 65

29 17 107 79 95 54 145

129 136 7 157 57 22 39 33 152

9 38 182 158 170 125

104 130 78 40

159 92 176 118 6 20 58 181 131

63 153 1 42

99 105 25 3 164 167 12

178 66 103 51 69 119

151 106 83 11 169 67 173

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

ANNOUNCEMENTS by Putnam's of a "Life of Lou Gehrig" and by Whittlesey House of an analysis of diamond fundamentals called "Winning Baseball," by Ethan Allan, serve as a reminder that another big-league campaign is just around the corner. Time was when practically the entire publishing fraternity would knock off work to attend the season's opener (usually freezing to death in the process). Of recent years, however, something has been lacking in the baseball set-up in New York. The Brooklyn ball park is too far away, the Yanks, for all their proficiency, lack color, and to one who adored the minions of Jawn McGraw as a kid, the present-day Giants are the saddest and most bedraggled aggregation of has-beens that ever masqueraded as a big-league contender.

The baseball magnates, they are a funny race. The great Babe Ruth and night baseball saved their bacon for a while, but if they don't stage a housecleaning soon that slogan "national pastime" is going to be just a memory. The two Philadelphia teams have doddered along in the cellar year after year and not a thing is done to help them. St. Louis proved a decade ago that it could not support two big-league clubs, but attempts to transfer the American League franchise to any one of a half dozen likely cities get nowhere. Salary rows are fought out in the columns of the local papers. Contracts read like something that was dreamed up by an English baron just before Runnymede. One man who understands the fundamentals of showmanship—Larry McPhail of the Brooklyn Dodgers—has turned the National League inside out in a few years. The Giants finished a bad sixth last year. I think they'll finish a worse sixth this season. It looks like the Yanks and the Brooks again in October, but you might keep an eye on the White Sox.

This has absolutely nothing to do with the book business.

OUR RECENT paragraph about Gypsy Rose Lee brought us a great sheaf of further stories about that lady's writings and writhings, and we'd have laughed a lot harder at some of them if they hadn't been the same old wheezes that were credited to Mae West in an era gone by. Austin Stevens, of the *New York Times,* reports that after her Victory Book address, Miss Lee was so visibly nervous that a bystander called out "What's the matter, Gypsy, afraid of crowds?", to which she replied testily, "How would *you* like to stand up there before those people with all your clothes on?" Another newshawk sends the tale of her waking up fully dressed one morning and crying "Good heavens! I've been draped!" And that, ladies and gentlemen, is positively the last time you will see the name of Gypsy Rose Lee in the *SRL* unless Simon and Schuster take a paid advertisement for her next book. [Dear Bennett—O.K., but who is Gypsy Rose Lee?—Max Schuster.]

FIFTH AVENUE window-shoppers who once saved their most expansive "oohs" and "ahs" for Bonwit Teller and Bergdorf, have added Scribner's Book Store to their list since Something New Has Been Added there by the ingenious A. A. Van Duym. Van has discovered that railroad posters, baskets of fruit, tank models, and blowups of newspaper articles help attract attention to his book displays. This week's exhibit of war books is topped with a poster that reads "Hey, Schnickelgruber! How About That Spring Offensive!" It is stopping passers-by in their tracks. . . . Upstairs in the Scribner editorial offices, the loquacious and well-loved Whitney Darrow has not exactly flabbergasted his associates by marrying his long-time personal assistant, Mrs. Alice Dunham. The Darrows have taken an apartment on 12th Street. From one window Whitney can look into the Baker & Taylor accounting department, from another into the Macmillan directors' room, and from a third into a neatly trimmed graveyard across the street. It will all depend on what mood he's in. . . .

LOOK FOR FEWER books by college professors for the next few seasons. With courses being cut from four years to three, those long summer vacations are a thing of the past. They'll be lucky if they get the month of June from now on. Even Professor Pitkin couldn't toss off a Significant Tome in that time! . . . The Book-of-the-Month Club choice for June is "Song of Bernadette," by Franz Werfel. A reserve selection is "Days of Ofelia," a first novel that was turned down by exactly six publishers before Houghton Mifflin accepted it. This is the third Houghton book that the BOMC has plucked in the past seven months, and we wonder if Dotty Dimples Hillyer, recently added to the firm's editorial staff, has been seeing some of the judges after office hours. We may have a vacancy in our vice-presidential department for Gene Tierney. . . . Somebody has been ribbing one of those Hollywood movie columnists who just dotes on printing long lists of notables seen at important picture premieres. Her story on the opening of "King's Row" began with a bang. "Society was represented," she said, "by Miss Lizzie Borden and Mr. Ethan Frome. . . . " We didn't get any further. . . .

Helen MacInnes, whose first book was "Above Suspicion," has hit the jackpot again. Her second story, "The Shores of Brittany," will be serialized in the *Satevepost* in May, published by Little, Brown in the Fall, and filmed by MGM in time for holiday release. And my poor Aunt Minnie, who has been writing novels continuously for fourteen years, hasn't even sold an answer to the Inquiring Reporter! . . . Rachel Field's death at forty-seven came as a particular shock to old friends who had shared her joy just a few weeks before at the prospect of motherhood. "All This and Heaven Too" was, of course, her outstanding success, but her publishers expect her last novel, "And Now Tomorrow," to sell even better. Did you know that it was Rachel Field who wrote the lyric for the hymn sung in the final sequences of Walt Disney's "Fantasia"? . . .

Macmillan is grooming another novel for Spring high-jinks. It is "Drivin' Woman," a story of the tobacco country after the Civil War, by Elizabeth Chevalier, and by no coincidence at all it is being published on June 30, the birthday of a little number called "Gone with the Wind." When the mighty Macmillan forces go all out to make a novel a great best seller they put on a show that no other publisher can equal, which may account in some measure for the success of the aforementioned GWTW and "How Green Was My Valley." On the other hand, we seem to recall a turkey named "Sparkenbroke." Dat ole debil Public can be pushed just so far. . . . The Yale University Press is publishing Pierre Gaxotte's biography of Frederick the Great, billing him as "Hitler's most important predecessor." . . . Two other forthcoming biographies that should enliven the season are Saul Padover's life of Jefferson and Paul Frischauer's study of Vargas of Brazil. The Brazilian government has sent in an advance order for two thousand copies of the Frischauer book. . . .

Sigmund Romberg, composer of "The Student Prince," "Blossom Time," and other resounding musical hits, has often been twitted on the resemblance between some of his tunes and famous classical compositions. The unkindest cut of all came from a caustic Times Square wit a short time ago who pounded him on the back and declared, "Sig, you're a composer after my own heart. You write the kind of music that people whistle as they go into the theatre!" BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN

GIVE NOW! GOOD BOOKS FOR THE ARMED SERVICES

WHAT EVERYONE CAN DO

If you really want to do something that will help this country's war program, one thing you can do quickly and effectively is to send books, good books, to the VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN. Books alone will not win the war, but they will contribute to the well-being of the men who have to do the fighting; and such a contribution is important, no matter what else you may be doing.

The VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN is not a device for clearing attics or making shelf-room. GOOD BOOKS, for entertainment and instruction, are urgently needed. So send the kind you like—the kind you would prefer to keep. And send them NOW (parcel-post book rate is only 1½c a pound) in care of:

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Viking's current list—SOME OF THE MOST REWARDING READING OF OUR DAY

Carl Van Doren

The most important book on the American Revolution in 100 years. "A narrative of prime historical importance."—FADIMAN. $3.75

Secret History
of the American Revolution

Rebecca West

One of this century's most fascinating and most enduring contributions to literature. 2 volumes. $7.50

Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

Upton Sinclair

A titanic novel of world-shaking events hailed by critics as Sinclair's "best" and "finest to date." $3.00

Dragon's Teeth

Burke Boyce

"As truthful and as satisfying a novel of the American Revolution as I have ever read."—CARL VAN DOREN. $2.75

The Perilous Night

Stefan Zweig

The great historian tells, with wit and brilliance, the amazing story of how America was named. $2.00

Amerigo:
A Comedy of Errors in History

Lion Feuchtwanger

A mighty story of Imperial Rome. The dramatic climax of one of the great novel sequences of our time. $2.75

Josephus and the Emperor

John Steinbeck

"The book that the world has been waiting for" already in its 478th thousand. Bids fair to be "the book of the year." $2.00

The Moon Is Down

THE VIKING PRESS
New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED